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LOGAN'S RUN

Second Draft

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We abandon the traditional FADE IN. Instead, the picture begins as follows:

With the SOUND of ragged breathing. Slowly bring up until it is a presence. Immediate. Close. The SOUND a runner makes on the verge of collapse -- a young woman breathing in short, tortured gasps.

There is, at this point, no music.

The SCREEN seems to open its eyes. Filling the screen:

1. WOMAN'S EYES - EXTREME CLOSE UP - NIGHT

The eyes look wildly about. Fear-filled. Eyes of terror. (Note: Though this is a color film the effect of this teaser sequence is of black-and-white: the "colors" are grays, charcoals, ash ...)

Over this image we continue to hear breathing. This breathing SOUND will continue unabated through the following:

2. ANGLE AT CYCLONE FENCE - THE WOMAN - NIGHT

as she comes out of darkness, running, to collide with the fence. She is 21; dressed in a ripped, leotard-like garment. Her breathing is now agonized. Like a moth butting a screen, she begins to move along the fence, desperately searching for an opening. CAMERA PANS HER.

Another fence is revealed at right angles to the first. She is in the corner angle, formed as the two fences connect. Her progress is blocked. She starts to turn, to retrace her steps. Freezes. Her eyes go wide in shock. The breathing STOPS with a gasp.

3. CLOSE SHOT - THE GIRL

stricken. Pale. On her palm, glowing in its center, a black flower shape.

WOMAN

No!... Please, no ...

4. HER POV - DARK FIGURE

The helmeted figure of a man. Immobile. Hands hanging loosely at sides. He is dimly lit from behind, so that all we see is a silhouette. For a brief time he stands, then takes a single step forward into a patch of moonlight.

(CONTINUED)

4. (CONTINUED)

The man is dressed entirely in a black, form-fitting uniform, including boots, leather belt and a helmet. Only his mouth and chin are uncovered. A polished round black visor masks his eyes, broken by a thin slit running across it, through which he sees. The total effect is that of a death figure. (This is the uniform of a "Sandman" and will be seen many times in the film as worn by other Sandmen.)

Suspended from his waist belt is a leather box-like holster. He unbuttons the flap of this holster, flips it back. We see a dim golden GLOW from the interior of the holster.

5.. ANGLE ON DARK FIGURE - THE SANDMAN

as he calmly reaches into the glowing holster to bring out the source of the glow: a Gun. Shaped exactly like a frontier Colt "six-shooter." Yet it glows from within -- splashing the Sandman's black uniform with light.

He brings up the Gun. Slowly. With deadly calm.

6. TIGHT ON THE GIRL - AT BASE OF FENCE

Her eyes stare out at the Gun, terror-glazed.

7. TWO SHOT - THE GIRL - THE SANDMAN

He brings the Gun to bear on her. Pulls the trigger.

A golden wasp of a bullet sings from the barrel of the Gun. (EFFECT) It moves in an "S" shape path toward the girl. She tries to dodge. The bullet FOLLOWS, seeming to home in on her.

Again, she SCREAMS. The scream CONTINUES throughout following:

As she does, the SCREEN is ripped and dazzled by a display of COLORS erupting from her body as she is pinned to the metal fence. She seems to writhe and dissolve into streamers of colored electric fire which spark out along the fence in all directions. Her body is blasted in looping streamers of gold, sulphurous greens, hot crimsons: a stagger of acetylene color.

Simultaneously with this: a thunder of drums, BURSTING forth, one drum track overlaying another. An entire orchestra of drums in a rush of raw percussion.

(CONTINUED)

7. (CONTINUED)

Out of this we bring:

LOGAN'S RUN

At conclusion of main title the drums abruptly cease. We SEE a flare of passing multi-colored lights -- and an O.S. VOICE enters the soundtrack, a soft, whining voice which continues through credits.

VOICE (O.S. - SAWYER)

Nobody feels he's done it all --
all the traveling, all the girls,
all the living... I'm no different
from anyone else. I'd like to live
to be twenty-five, thirty ... maybe
even older. But I know the facts.
I know the rules and I can accept
the rules. I've lived a full life
-- twenty-one. Good years.
Nobody can say that Sawyer is a
whiner. So I'm on Lastday... I can
accept that. I'm twenty-one and
life is over for me.

At conclusion of full credits:

8. INT. - SHUTTLE - NIGHT

We now see that the flare of colored lights are the lights of a vast city beyond the windows of the shuttle car. BOOM DOWN into SHOT featuring two men, seated in the car as it continues to climb upward through the city, other passengers in b.g. The talker is SAWYER, sweating, terrified and trying to hide it, who gestures with a right hand in which there is a blinking flower-shape which glows red, then black, then red. Blinking. The second man is LOGAN, in loose-fitting grays. Strong-faced, unsmiling. He is trapped in the tide of words.

SAWYER

(continuing;
compulsively)

It doesn't seem like I've turned
twenty-one. It really doesn't ...

9. CLOSE SHOT - SAWYER'S HAND

Centered in the palm, the flower shape pulses red, then black, then red ... as though lit from within. The effect is eerie.

10. TIGHT - HIS FACE

A pleading look in his eyes.

SAWYER

(continuing)

Do you believe the Thinker could
make a mistake?

11. CLOSE SHOT - LOGAN

He doesn't answer.

12. ANGLE - FEATURING SAWYER

SAWYER

No ... No, I suppose not.

(a beat)

Tell you the truth, I'm afraid.

Sawyer lapses into silence. Logan shifts uncomfortably,
studies the flashing lights beyond the window.

SAWYER

(continuing;

softer now)

Do you really believe that a homer
is ... is as terrible as they say
it is?

LOGAN

(quiet)

Yes.

SAWYER

What gets me is the way it finds a
runner... homes in on body heat;

(a beat)

burns out your whole nervous system.
Every nerve in your body. You can't
get away from a Homer.

(in despair)

God!

13. CLOSE SHOT - SAWYER

SAWYER

(trying to convince
himself)

I know it's necessary. World can
only support so much life.

INTERCUT:

14. INT. SLEEPSHOP - DAY

As he talks the CAMERA PANS THE LARGE ROOM. The sleepshop is gaily painted, bright, cheerful. Attendants in soft Pastel robes. Those on Lastday enter. A skinspray of hallucigen wipes away looks of fear which becomes expressions of contentment and joy.

SAWYER'S VOICE (OVER)

A sleepshop isn't so bad, is it?
I saw one, in Paris. Clean. Nice.
It isn't so bad.

LOGAN'S VOICE (OVER)

No. It isn't so bad.

15. BACK TO SCENE - LOGAN - SAWYER - NIGHT

SAWYER

Those DS men... I just wonder how
they can fire a homer into --

Logan stands abruptly.

LOGAN

(cutting in)

I get off here.

CUT TO:

16. EXT. COVERED THOROUGHFARE - LOGAN - NIGHT

The covered street is lined with shops, stalls, street displays, thronged with people. Their clothing is mainly form-fitting, colorfully fashioned from a variety of materials.

Logan steps onto a moving sidewalk -- a strip that moves like a conveyor belt.

17. CLOSE - LOGAN

Behind him, we see the shops float past. We see the play of O.S. colored lights on his face, reflected from the aluminum-covered overhead canopy.

18. EXT. JEWEL BUILDING - NIGHT

Logan pauses in front of the Jewel Building. The entire facade of the tall structure is encrusted with stones, their faceted surfaces reflecting light -- yet the main effect is that of a jeweled darkness along the building front.

19. ANGLE ON LOGAN

as he looks up at mural.

BOY'S VOICE (OVER)
(in awe)
The burning of Washington!
(a beat)
Nobody could handle fireglass like
Roebler.

20. ANGLE ON MURAL

thru

22. It comes to glittering life.

In swift sequence we see SCENES INTERCUT in surrealistic MONTAGE:

Mobs of angry young people, milling, shouting, waving of placards. Police units converging. The clash of youth vs. authority. Cars overturned. Police driven back. Mobs chanting (No Sound). Orange, purple and raw red flames leap skyward as city begins to burn -- Capitol dome in B.G. Bodies flame and writhe; buildings tumble into sparkling ruin.

The Washington zoo erupts into flame. Crowds scatter as the zoo animals break free. Tanks abandoned on Pennsylvania Avenue by young soldiers who join revolution. Civic leaders hanged from lampposts. Flushed, triumphant young faces illumined by flames as city falls away into jeweled ash.

We hear a VOICE, O.S., young, feminine, immediate.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Filth!

23. ANGLE ON LOGAN

as he looks up.

24. HIS POV

A gathering crowd, shocked, angry.

25. ANGLE - TO INCLUDE LOGAN

He approaches the disturbance. People step aside and we see: seated cross-legged on the pavement a young man of 15 with rounded girlish features and soulful eyes... A silver fringe of beard silks his chin; his head is shaven.

(CONTINUED)

25. (CONTINUED)

A SIGN around his neck reads: "RUN!" The man smiles patiently at his tormentors, takes up a one-stringed instrument from his lap. He ignores the hostile crowd, begins to strum, a glissando SOUND, as he sings:

YOUNG MAN

(singing)

He's lived a double lifetime,
And Ballard is his name.
He's lived a double lifetime,
Why can't we do the same?
Ballard's lived a double lifetime,
And never felt no shame.
Think of Ballard.
Think of Ballard.
Think of Ballard's name.

26. ANOTHER ANGLE

Two lemon-tuniced officers advance on the bearded man. The two policemen have padded, insulated hip protectors strapped to their bodies. Attached to the protector of each man we see a "billy club". The club is smoke-gray and steaming with frost. (We will learn that this is a refrigerated weapon known as a "popsicle".) The man does not resist as the two officers lead him away.

27. CLOSE SHOT - PAVEMENT - LOGAN'S HAND

It ENTERS FRAME as he picks up a small, printed card.

28. INSERT CARD

It reads:

RUN!

IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE
LIFE SPAN OF MAN IS
THREE SCORE YEARS AND
TEN. DON'T SETTLE FOR
TWENTY-ONE.

RUN!

Seek Sanctuary

29. CLOSE ON LOGAN

He studies the card with distaste. Tears it into small pieces. The white fragments flutter down to the pavement.

30. INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

A room of white tiles. A consumptive blonde 20-year-old male, dressed in surgical whites looks up from a white desk as Logan enters.

LOGAN

Lysergic foam.

The man looks Logan over carefully. His gaze is professional, searching. He doesn't like what he sees.

MAN

You're down. You ever had a bad lift?

(sees Logan's
look)

I thought not. Let me see your hand.

Logan displays his palm. His palm flower is a steady red.

MAN

Not on Lastday. Funny. You got the look.

Logan gazes at him steadily. The man shrugs.

CUT TO:

31. INT. BLUE ROOM - NIGHT

The walls, ceiling, floor are a bright electric blue. Centered in the cubicle floor is a blue table. On the table, a blue vase. In the vase, a blue flower. Logan sits at the table in a blue chair. A blue door opens. A sixteen-year-old boy in white enters. He carries a tray. On the tray a crystal flask.

MAN

(with a flourish)

Lysergic foam -- dosage, standard.

(a beat)

I am required by law to say the following.

(bored, reciting)

Caution, lysergic preparations may be harmful to health.

He neither expects nor receives either reaction or comment. He sets down the flask and EXITS.

(CONTINUED)

31. (CONTINUED)

Logan lifts the colorless flask and drinks. He settles himself comfortably in the chair. For a long moment no reaction. He closes his eyes.

LOGAN
(a mumbled chant;
rising)

Don't settle for twenty-one...run...
Don't settle for twenty-one...run...
run... Don't settle for twenty-one...
RUN!

Logan comes savagely out of the chair and hits the wall -- a lineback smash. The wall SHUDDERS with the force of the impact. Logan HITS the wall again. He seems oblivious to pain.

CUT TO:

32. INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

A seventeen year old technician lounges in front of an installation consisting of dozens of small TV screens. Most of them are LIT. His eyes go wide as his attention is snapped to one screen. He leans forward swiftly and hits a switch mounted on the installation. A warning BEEP begins to HAMMER.

17 YEAR OLD
(harsh)
Bad lift in the blue room! Get
somebody down there.

CUT TO:

33. INT. - GLASS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

This is the interior of a glasshouse, a vast pleasure dome. Walls, ceiling and floor all made of pebbled translucent glass. Logan is walking down this long glass corridor, illumined at intervals by blooming bursts of light.

34. ANGLE SHOT - WALL - LOGAN WALKING

To Logan's right the entire wall is illumined (from behind) with letters stretching the length of the corridor. These bright letters form the word:

PLEASURE

The word dies -- into darkness.

35. ANGLE SHOT - OPPOSITE WALL - LOGAN WALKING

To Logan's left the other wall is likewise illumined.
Letters form the word:

SATISFACTION

The word dies.

CAMERA TIPS UP TO CEILING - LOGAN WALKING

More bright letters form the words:

RARE DELIGHTS

CAMERA TILTS DOWN.

He reaches the end of the corridor. A panel slides back.
He steps through the opening.

36. INT. - STAGROOM - LOGAN - NIGHT

An explosion of beauty and sexuality. Here are beach girls from Mexico, Japanese maidens with shy eyes, Italian girls with mooned bodies, pert Irish lads, slim exotics from India, cool English girls, pert French beauties. Logan moves into the crowd, appraising the girls.

37. ANGLE - GIRL

She is semi-nude; long red hair tumbles down her creamed back. She stands somewhat isolated from the crowd, seemingly uninterested by what is going on.

38. ANGLE - LOGAN

He starts toward her. CAMERA GOES WITH HIM.

As he approaches her she is suddenly swept away by a tall, ice-blond girl. The blond gives Logan a hard look as she disappears with the redhead in tow. Logan halts, indecisive.

39. ANOTHER ANGLE

Standing near Logan is a lithe full-figured girl with Slavic features. Logan measures her with his eyes. She smiles.

40. CLOSE SHOT - HER BURNING FACE

HOLD on this SHOT as the LIGHTS DIM. She now glows in the darkness. PULL BACK. We are now inside a glass room. The room is simply furnished with a transparent (plastic sheeting stretched over a frame) bed. The walls, ceiling and floor are glass. At the moment we cannot see through the glass walls to what is beyond. In CAMERA F.G. we see Logan and Karenya. We are in CLOSE and a quantity of bare flesh is in evidence to suggest they are nude. Their faces are close together. The atmosphere is one of extreme intimacy. We can only HEAR the SOUND of their breathing.

Abruptly LIGHT FLARES beyond the glass wall in B.G. The LIGHT is colored like liquid gold. Beyond the glass wall, several cubicles away we see a couple locked together in love heat. The LIGHT dies as abruptly as it appeared.

KARENYA
(tense whisper,
urgent)

Look!

41. ANOTHER ANGLE - (ROTATE BED to INDICATE A DIFFERENT GLASS WALL.)

ANOTHER LIGHT blooms. It is silver. Again we see a passionate couple in the adjacent room.

42. ANGLE LOOKING DOWN

The floor FLARES green. Below another couple embracing on a bed.

The LIGHTS FLARE red in Logan's room.

The EFFECT is of Logan and Karenya imprisoned in a crimson crystal chandelier.

KARENYA
(a moan)
Ahhhhh....

GO TO BLACK:

43. EXT. DS BUILDING - DAY

It is dawn. The sun is just above the city horizon as Logan, still in grays, walks up the wide stone steps of DS Headquarters. Above the entrance, the stylized emblem of Deep Sleep: a gloved hand gripping a glowing Colt.

44. INT. DS BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Logan, now wearing the black skintight uniform of a Sandman, (without Gun) moves down a corridor. Technicians come and go. He pauses at a door, pulls down his visor, draws in a deep breath, snaps down a wall switch, then goes through the door, fast.

45. INT. - AMPHITHEATER - DAY

This is a daily proving ground. The room is the size of a basketball court. At irregular spaced intervals we see a series of short partitions and screens each in a bright florescent color set at varying angles to form a labyrinth. The room is pitch black, laced with probing fingers of light from above -- colored searchlights sweeping colored walls. CAMERA GOES WITH LOGAN.

He comes through the door in a half crouch into darkness. A blue light rakes across his legs. He twists lithely away from the light, moving silently, every sense alert. He flattens against a yellow wall. A beam of light finds him. Other searchlights pause in their random weavings and converge toward him. He dives away from the light. Hits the floor, rolls. Comes lightly to his feet and freezes, listening. Around him the lights weave a tracery of stabbing color. Cautiously he continues his advance. Ahead, a length of dark colored wall. He begins to edge along it.

Abruptly, a scuffle of padded feet. A man erupts out of the darkness, steel in his hand. Logan goes under the machete feet first, kicks out. A GRUNT of pain. The machete hits the floor. A LIGHT finds it, bathes it in a pool of illumination. Silence. A hand sneaks into the light, reaching for the machete. Logan's foot comes down on the hand. A GRUNT of pain. Logan follows his advantage. Disables the man with a savage blow. Moves on.

Logan moves in dim silhouette before a ghost pale wall. A sudden shadow behind him. A strangler's cord looping around his throat, Logan pulled backward clawing at the cord as the antagonist applies pressure.

Logan throws his weight forward dragging his assailant against a wall. Again he batters the man against the wall. The cord loosens. Logan drives an elbow into his assailant, twists, his hands coming down like clubs. Now Logan is in a tangle of LIGHTS. His breathing is ragged; his face pearly with sweat. He blinks his eyes. He has been hurt.

(CONTINUED)

45. (CONTINUED)

Before he can move to shake the LIGHTS, a BLOOM of FIRE spears out of the surrounding darkness.

Automatically Logan rolls under the flame. It follows him scorching walls, floors.

An overhead beam picks out a man with a hand-held flame weapon as he triggers the weapon sending a yellow-orange blast of fire spearing into the dark. The flame sweeps the area like a hose as the man tries to locate Logan, torching and curling the wooden panels. He suddenly gasps.

Logan emerges from the blackness behind him to hammerlock his neck. Flame leaps upward as Logan applies pressure. The man slumps to the floor, unconscious.

Logan now sprints for the far wall. On the wall, an illuminated clock. Sweeping away seconds with an audible clicking sound. Logan slaps a wallstud beneath the clock. The big clock hand freezes at 25.

A door slides open. Logan goes through it.

46. FULL SHOT - AMPHITHEATER - LOOKING DOWN

We realize that we are on a viewing platform above the action. Several sixteen-seventeen year old trainees have been watching the combat below them.

As this scene progresses the LIGHTS GO ON below, teams of medical men attend the fallen attackers, new assailants replace the original three, taking positions behind various panels.

FIRST TRAINEE

(disgust)

That was Logan?

SECOND TRAINEE

(defensive)

So he made one mistake.

FIRST TRAINEE

He made three.

(a beat)

Watch Francis. He's next. You'll learn something.

The second trainee gives him a glare as the LIGHTS GO DOWN in the combat area below. The colored searchlights snap on, raking the terrain.

(CONTINUED)

46. (CONTINUED)

A shrill bell rings. The clock ticks into motion, snapping away the seconds.

(We see the entire following sequence from this high angle. In the tracing of lights we can see the placement of the panels and the men behind them.)

With the bell, a door opens and another blackgarbed Sandman appears. This is FRANCIS. There is a frightening precision in the way he threads the labyrinth, avoiding the probing bars of light. He is a shadow, moving in shadows.

A high-pitched cry. One attacker down.

FIRST TRAINEE
(gloating whisper)
Keep your eye on Francis!

A muffled thud. Two down.

Flame flares and dies below. A SCREAM.

FIRST TRAINEE
Killed him!

The ticking clock stops. TIGHT IN ON: 17 seconds.

THE LIGHTS GO UP.

CUT TO:

47. INT. DS HQ - DAY
TIGHT TWO SHOT - LOGAN - FRANCIS - WALKING - DOLLY SHOT

Francis has the face of a man dedicated to destruction; there is a lightly-caged sense of exploding power in his features. Under his raised visor, he has soft killer's eyes.

The two men come forward, CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM. Both men look straight ahead. There is something formal, almost military about the way they carry themselves. They do not look at each other during the following exchange.

FRANCIS
How long?

LOGAN
Twenty-five.

FRANCIS
(with cold pride)
Seventeen.

No smile. No reaction.

CUT TO:

48. INT. GUNROOM - DAY

at wall. It is gray and featureless. Francis raises his right hand and presses it, palm forward, against the smooth metal. A panel slides back. Simultaneous with this:

METALLIC VOICE

(without inflection)

DS Gun -- standard issue -- fully armed. One each: tangler, ripper, vapor, needler, nitro and homer. This weapon keyed to your hand pattern. Touched by another it will detonate on contact. Precaution required under Constitutional amendment 54: No private citizen may own a Gun. Violation punishable by death.

Throughout the foregoing:

49. CLOSE SHOT - INSIDE WALL ALCOVE

a long-barreled Colt glows wickedly against black velvet: the Gun of the Sandman as seen in opening sequence. The HAND of Francis comes into FRAME to grip Gun.

50. ANGLE - FEATURING FRANCIS - LOGAN IN B.G.

Francis hefts the Gun, professionally. He checks the loads. Slips it into the box-like holster on his hip.

The wall panel slides closed. There is no visible seam.

Logan puts his hand to the wall. The panel slides open again. Logan reaches into alcove and takes out his Gun. He holsters it without checking it. Simultaneously:

METALLIC VOICE

(without inflection)

DS Gun -- standard issue -- fully armed. One each, tangler.....
(continues to repeat speech above)

Neither Logan or Francis pay any attention to the voice. They do not wait for it to finish speech. They EXIT SHOT. HOLD on empty room, speaking, for a moment, then:

CUT TO: .

51. INT. REPORT ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

The room is a hive of metallic sounds and human activity. Sandmen and technicians thread the area, some standing, some seated at boards, some walking. The walls from floor to ceiling are alive with thousands of colored lights, flashing, tracing patterns, blinking, etc. SOUND is very important here. We must sense that the entire room is a live organism, which "talks" to those who use it. It HUMS, CLICKS, BEEPS, TICKS ... indexing, weighing, processing its complex data.

52. CLOSER ANGLE

CAMERA ISOLATES Logan and Francis as they move through the room. A man, (dispatcher) enters to them. His face: dry, chafed, harried. He carries a modified clipboard.

DISPATCHER

(irritated)

Stanhope's in the field and I can't locate Webster 16. We've got a runner in Pavilion, moving east.

The room is a cross-mixture of voices; continuous through scene. ("Come in Kelly 4. DS at Morningside seven twelve." "Come in Stanhope. Your man is in the maze." "Evans 9, confirm. Calcutta runner's destination recorded 7:04 as Phoenix. Mazecar waiting at Palisades. Confirm." Etc.) These voices have the impersonal quality of a P.A. system at a rail depot.

They move to the board, CAMERA GOES WITH THEM.

The alert board: sketched on its glass surface is a diagram of a three-mile complex (a multi-level portion of the city). A tiny light blinks at Third Level, East Sector.

LOGAN

Who takes him?

DISPATCHER

You do. Francis on backup.

LOGAN

Give me a scan.

A man LEANS INTO SCENE and hands dispatcher a sheet of stiff, dark plastic. (It resembles an X-ray). Dispatcher glances at it, passes it to Logan.

(CONTINUED)

52. (CONTINUED)

DISPATCHER

Name: Doyle 10. His palm flower
blacked eighteen minutes ago. He's
heading east, up through the complex.

He looks briefly at O.S. wallscreen.

DISPATCHER

(continuing)

So far he's avoided the maze. I
make it he knows about the platform
scanners.

During the foregoing dialogue Logan has turned to a wall
installation. It is composed of a series of buttons and
a large, unlighted screen. Logan feeds the plastic sheet
into a slot beneath the screen and tabs a button as the
dispatcher finishes his SPEECH. The screen lights.

53. INSERT: SCREEN

We see a cherub-faced baby, solemn, unsmiling. Its tiny
right hand clamped in position to expose a bright yellow
flower-shape glowing in the palm. The picture SNAPS to
a side view, profile of baby, SNAPS to a rear view of
baby's head.

VOICE OVER (MACHINE)

Doyle 10-14302. Yellow: birth to
seven years. Stoneham Industrial
Nursery, Carthage, Missouri. Normal
I.Q.

AN O.S. CLICK.

The baby vanishes, to be replaced by:

54. INSERT: SCREEN

A boy's face. Front view, palm raised open to reveal a
blue flower there. Picture SNAPS TO side view profile,
SNAPS to rear view.

VOICE OVER (MACHINE)

(continuing)

Blue: seven to fourteen. Picked
up Port Royal. Suspected Cub.
Cleared.

AN O.S. CLICK.

The boy vanishes, to be replaced by:

55. INSERT: SCREEN

An adult. Front view of a face, right hand raised to exhibit red palm flower. Picture SNAPS to side view profile, SNAPS to rear view.

VOICE OVER (MACHINE)
(continuing)

Red: fourteen to twenty-one.
Arrested at 16 for blocking DS
operative on a hunt. Convicted.
Six months, Briggs station.
Uncooperative.

56. ANGLE AT ALERT BOARD

The yellow light is blinking with BLIPPING SOUND. Logan ENTERS SCENE. Looks at the blinking light.

Logan unclips a small dialed mechanism (follower scope) from his belt. Consults board. Touches several small studs set on side of mechanism.

57. INSERT: FOLLOWER SCOPE

A tiny LIGHT BLINKS on the device (MATCH TO BLIPPING SOUND).

58. CLOSE SHOT - FRANCIS - BLINKING BOARD IN B.G.

FRANCIS
(cutting)
Think you can handle him alone?

59. ANGLE - FEATURING LOGAN - FRANCIS - TECHS IN B.G.

Logan stares at him coldly. He clips the mechanism back on his belt. He turns and heads for door, EXITS SCENE.

CAMERA MOVES INTO TIGHT SHOT - FRANCIS

He looks after Logan, speculatively. HOLD for a moment.

CUT TO:

60. INT. VENDING RESTAURANT - ANGLE ON FRANCIS - DAY

He sits at an "eating unit", a table flush into a jukebox-like vending machine which, at the touch of a button delivers any food or drink desired. It is significant

(CONTINUED)

60. (CONTINUED)

that the units on each side of the black-garbed Sandman are empty, despite the fact that the restaurant is packed. In B.G. various citizens glance uneasily at him as Francis sips coffee, his head lowered over the cup. To his left, balanced on the table, is the follower scope. The scope begins to BEEP.

Francis swivels to it.

FRANCIS
(snaps a stud on
the scope)

Backup.

VOICE OF LOGAN
Doyle's headed for Cathedral.
I'll meet you at Stonebridge.
Confirm.

FRANCIS
Confirmed.

He snaps the follower to his belt and EXITS. As he does so, we SEE three hungry citizens flow in behind him to take over the eating units.

CUT TO:

61. STONEBRIDGE - FROM ABOVE - DOYLE - DAY

Far below a stone bridge arcs across a river. On this span, an antlike figure, running away.

62. ZOOMAR SHOT - CAMERA FRAMES END OF BRIDGE

In this SHOT we see a section of Cathedral: a bombed-out ruin of broken buildings, a festering sore in the side of Greater Los Angeles, a place of rubble and dust and ruptured foundation blocks and sudden death. This is Cub territory.

Emerging from behind this rubble we see the CUBS. They are a hard-eyed, wolfish group of youngsters, ages ranging from ten to fourteen. They wear ragged grimy clothing. In their hands they carry rocks and sticks.

63. TIGHT SHOT - CUB

Grinning savagely, he looks O.S.

64. HIS POV - DOYLE

running full-tilt toward CAMERA.

65. ANGLE ON CUB

Reaches into ripped shirt, takes out drug-pad, smashes it against stone abutment, presses it to his nose and inhales deeply. EFFECT: He blurs into colored motion. (A shimmering effect to indicate that he is now moving at a highly accelerated rate under the influence of the drug.)

66. HIS POV - DOYLE (SLOW MOTION)

Doyle pounds forward in a furious, driving run that is now reduced to ballet-like slow-motion.

WHIP PAN TO:

67. ANGLE ON THREE CUBS

Moving, in slow motion, they smash their drug-pads and inhale the potent vapors. They shimmer into normal motion.

68. TIGHT SHOT - DOYLE

skids to halt, head raised, in sudden panic.

DOYLE
(alarm)
Cubs -- on Muscle!

From behind CAMERA, the Cubs, now shimmering multi-colored forms surge forward obscuring Doyle from view. SCREEN SHIMMERS.

Doyle screams. A ragged, agonized sound. The SOUND, of muffled thuds: wet, smashing blows to Doyle's body.

CUT TO:

69. EXT. BRIDGE - SHOOTING PAST LOGAN - CATHEDRAL - CUBS IN B.G.

The shimmering forms weave around Doyle's prone body in the manner of darting, bright dragonflies. The forms disappear into Cathedral.

Logan unclips the follower scope from his belt and turns to face CAMERA. He glances at the scope and reacts to what he sees. A light still flashes there.

(CONTINUED)

69. (CONTINUED)

LOGAN
(harsh - under
breath)

Still alive.

Logan sprints out of SCENE.

CUT TO:

70. EXT. END OF BRIDGE - LOW ANGLE - DOYLE'S BODY - DAY

The man's face is a mosaic of blood and bone-ends. His mouth moves convulsively. Logan comes swiftly from B.G. to kneel beside body. The Gun is in his hand. Doyle's eyes flutter open; he looks at Logan without recognition.

DOYLE
(brokenly)
Sanctuary ... Sanctuary ...

He lifts a clenched fist INTO CAMERA. The fingers uncurl. A glittering object drops. Tinkles on pavement in DIRECT CAMERA F.G. -- a thin sliver of notched metal. A punchkey.

Logan scoops up the key as Doyle dies.

71. TIGHT SHOT - LOGAN'S FACE

He brings the key INTO SHOT, looks at it. Puzzled.

LOGAN
(under his breath,
wonderingly)
Sanctuary?

His fingers close over the key.

72. WIDER ANGLE

as Francis enters rapidly from B.G. Logan reacts to his presence. There is something secretive in Logan's face as he unobtrusively pockets the punchkey.

FRANCIS
Cubs?

Logan nods.

(CONTINUED)

72. (CONTINUED)

Francis adjusts the chamber of his Gun, aims at the body.
EFFECT: blisters it to ash. He casually holsters the Gun
and turns away.

FRANCIS

Let's go.

They walk back toward the bridge.

73. INT. EXPRESS LIFT - DAY (PROCESS)

CAMERA PANS seated passengers. (Ages 7 to 21) The lift
is a moving belt with seats mounted on it. It moves
diagonally up through city.

CAMERA ISOLATES LOGAN AND FRANCIS. Logan is seated behind
Francis on the lift. He is sweating. Something is very
wrong. His fist is clenched at his side. He looks at it,
surreptitiously. Slowly the fingers uncurl to reveal:
ZOOM IN - TIGHT ON HAND. Logan's palm flower is BLINKING.
Red - black, red - black, red - black.... (MUSIC STING)

The red, black pulsations EXPAND to include entire SCREEN.
The SCREEN goes red, goes black, goes red...

Abrupt SILENCE, as we -

CUT TO:

74. INT. LIVING UNIT - NIGHT

An empty room -- dimly illuminated by hidden lighting.
Logan ENTERS. He is dressed in grays and carries a package
wrapped in a piece of clothing. The LIGHTS BRIGHTEN.

75. SERIES OF ANGLES - LOGAN

thru

77. moves toward one side of room. A "flow bed" slides out of
a hidden wall recess. Logan puts the package on the bed.
Moves away.

Approaches a second wall. Other pieces of furniture slide
into view from hidden recesses.

Logan crosses to the bed, unwraps the package to reveal
the box-shaped holster -- removes the glowing Gun. Holds
it up. Looks at his BLINKING palm.

Logan slides the Gun into his belt and covers it with his
shirt.

(CONTINUED)

75. (CONTINUED)

thru
77.

He pushes a button. A dome-shaped apparatus slides out of the desk. On the dome is a thin slot and a small screen. Logan takes a deep breath and slides the punchkey into the slot. The screen LIGHTS. In the screen we see a woman's FACE. She is perhaps sixteen, with dead, flat eyes. Her name is LILETH.

LILETH

I'm going out. Call back later.

Logan holds up his blinking palm.

LOGAN

I'm calling now.

Lileth doesn't react.

LILETH

You have a name?

LOGAN

I have a name, but there's no Sanctuary in giving out random identities.

A flicker of interest in her eyes.

LILETH

I'm going out. To a party.

LOGAN

I could meet you there.

LILITH

(a beat)

Halsted Complex, west wing.
Fourth level. Unit 2592.

The communication screen BLACKS. Logan SIGHS. The sigh is a word. The word is "Sanctuary".

He rises abruptly and leaves the room. As the door closes behind him the lights dim. Furniture slides back into the walls. The room is bare and empty. HOLD for a moment then:

CUT TO:

78. INT. PARTY - NIGHT

We are in a large room, doors opening into other rooms. The entire area dazzles with color. Walls, ceilings,

(CONTINUED)

78. (CONTINUED)

floors, furnishings, all are painted in bizarre patterns: vivid stripes, checks, candy swirls, bulls-eyes of primary color.

Several dozen men and women mill about, laughing, drinking, talking ... Ages: 15 to 20. They wear gaudy party clothing, the men in floral print outfits, or with painted triangles, etc. covering their bodies. The women wear dresses of crushed glass, or metallic squares, or intricately-woven bits of plastic. We discover, as the SCENE progresses, that the clothing changes color: a man's white skintights change to forest green as he talks -- or against a zebra-striped wall a woman's dress will be zebra-striped. As she moves to a red-check wall her garment is all red checks. There is a continual effect of shifting colors.

79. SHOT FEATURING LOGAN

He searches the jammed room with his eyes.

80. ANGLE AT RAISED PEDESTAL

A fat-bellied man in a flowing gown stands on this. His voice shrills in falsetto, amplified by a small golfball-sized object he holds close to his mouth.

The fatman's name is SHARPS.

SHARPS

Lungblasters ... glassmasters ...
livemasters ... all you deep
peepers ... hear me clear ... the
gear is here!

The LIGHTS GO DOWN. A wall begins to swirl and shift and out of this swirl of color images appear on the wall. A hidden projector whirs O.S. The wall-images are those of a man and woman, writhing in a love-tangle. We glimpse naked shoulders, a woman's face, her eyes closed in passion.

The partygoers have all seated themselves on the floor, including Logan.

81. AUDIENCE

The play of LIGHT from the O.S. screen washes across the faces of the audience. The effect on these faces is that of watching a "super-stag" movie.

82. ANGLE ON SEATED COUPLE

The woman, eyes hot on the screen action, places her hand on her escort's knee, presses.

SHARPS (OVER)

Peep this peep-people ... It's a prime peep and hard to beat ...

83. GROUP SHOT

The film ends. The room is dark. Sharps lifts the golf-ball object. A slim needle of colored light spears from it as from a flashlight.

SHARPS

We choose twos to peep deep. A high prize for the sharpest eyes. Ready.... Steady..... Freeze.... Please.... And here's a one...

The flashlight beam finds a man in the dark room. He laughs, embarrassed.

SHARPS

(continuing)

And here's a two.

The flashlight dips to find a girl. She giggles.

SHARPS

Blessings, Dears -- don your gear! And here's a one....

The flashlight swoops to illuminate Logan. For a moment he is impaled by the bright light. His hands come up defensively. With an effort he regains control of himself.

SHARPS

...And here's a two!

The flashlight sweeps to find a woman. We recognize her. It is Lileth.

She gives an almost imperceptible nod of secret understanding to:

84. TIGHT ON SHARPS' FACE

He returns the nod. For a moment his eyes are cold and very unlike his jovial, falsetto voice. Then he smiles, roguishly.

(CONTINUED)

84. (CONTINUED)

SHARPS
Fair's fair! A lovely pair.
Fate's fate. The gear waits!
And here's a one....

He directs the beam of light into CAMERA. It FLARES INTO:

85. INT. CHANGEROOM - NIGHT

as Logan, barechested, picks up a black, skin-tight shirt and begins to slip it on. A mouse-faced man LEANS INTO SHOT.

MOUSE-FACED MAN
You have Greek shoulders.

Logan gives him a patient look. The man shrugs, withdraws. Logan finishes donning the shirt. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Logan dressed in skin-tight black body-stocking.

He glances around to verify that he is unobserved. (It is apparent that there is no place to conceal the Gun on his body.) Logan wraps the Gun in his discarded clothing, slides it into a nearby locker, exits the Changeroom.

86. INT. PARTY - FEATURING SHARPS

He stands behind a long table covered with equipment. Black suited men and women move past in pairs. Each couple selects a camera and a pair of night goggles from the table.

SHARPS
Gear up, dears. Time to peep, no
time to sleep!
(a beat)
Black light cameras don't come
cheap -- so share with care when
you're out there.

87. ANGLE AT WINDOW

A black-garbed couple are preparing to move out onto the ledge.

MAN
I'm not so sure about this ... it's
against the law ... if we're caught ...

GIRL
(disgusted)
Oh, don't be such a fish!

She crawls out. Timidly, he follows.

88. ANGLE ON LILITH

She stands by a sideboard, two glasses of amber liquid in front of her. Concealing the action, she drops a small tablet into one of the glasses. It foams, dissolves.

Logan ENTERS SCENE.

LILITH
(hands him a glass)
It's Vitex-K.

He accepts it, measures the girl with a thoughtful look, drinks.

Lilith smiles.

LILITH
(continuing;
significantly)
Improves night vision.

CUT TO:

89. EXT. LEDGE - NIGHT

Logan and Lilith crouch on a narrow ledge high in the darkened complex. Wind slicks the ledges. Below them, far off, the city is alive with snakes of light. The distant dazzle of Arcade. The sky-staining glow of the fire-galleries. It's a long way down.

Lilith crawls off along the ledge with the camera. Logan follows.

90. ANGLE

She stops, takes out a wire with a suction cup at one end, an earpiece at the other, fits the plug into her ear, winds the wire around her wrist.

LOGAN
We're alone now. Talk.

LILITH
Take my ankles.

He looks puzzled. She points to her feet.

LILITH
Hang on.

As she braces herself she slips off the ledge, head-first.

91. ANGLE SHOOTING DOWN

Below her: a mile-deep emptiness. A stagger of steel and glass and box-beam units.

92. ANGLE ON LILITH

The camera dangles beneath her from a shoulder strap. She unwinds the wire, fastens the suction cup to a black pane of glass, listens. Removes the cup, reels in the camera, begins shooting thru the glass. Her camera whirs.

93. FULL SHOT

High in the darkened complex a police copter sweeps a pinlight along the ledges.

94. TWO SHOT

as Logan hauls her back to the ledge.

She starts up a slope of ridged metal. He follows. Half way up the incline one of his feet slips. He sits down heavily. Lilith moves back to him.

LILITH

(sweetly)

Something wrong?

95. TIGHT ON LOGAN

Something is wrong. He feels dizzy. He can't seem to focus his eyes. His hands feel weak. He blinks stupidly, giggles.

96. HIS POV - THE DEPTHS - SEEN THROUGH SNIPER GOGGLES

Rippling in and out of focus. Changing colors.

97. TWO SHOT - VERY CLOSE

Her hand whips out, slaps him cruelly. His face bounces under the impact. He giggles.

LILITH

(continuing)

You're doing fine.

(CONTINUED)

97. (CONTINUED)

She rips off his goggles, pulls back the headcovering, grabs a handful of his hair, jerks back his head. He doesn't resist.

LILETH

Where did you get my key?

She slaps him again. He shudders. Now, oddly, he begins to sing a mournful ballad.

LOGAN

He's ... lived a double lifetime ...

And Ballard is his name

Why can't we do the same.

(his head rolls
loosely)

Think of Ballard ...

Think of ... Ballard's name.

She slaps him again.

LILETH

The key. Where did you get the key?

LOGAN

Man named 10 -- named 10 -- named

10 -- named Doyle 10.

LILETH

Did you kill Doyle?

Logan shakes his head. Looks at her curiously. Puts up his hand defensively.

LILETH

(hurriedly)

Did you kill Doyle?

LOGAN

Cubs... Cubs killed him.

As the effects of the truth drug diminish, Logan pushes away her hand, breaks her grip, starts to stand up. He loses his balance and falls. He skids bumpily down the ridged incline.

98. ANOTHER ANGLE

as one of his flailing arms finds a handhold. Clings.

The GIRL'S FEET ENTER SHOT. He looks up.

99. HIS POV

looking up at the girl.

LILITH

See Doc. Arcade. The New You.

100. TWO SHOT

as Logan comes painfully to his knees before the girl.

LILITH

(lightly)

Scme lift, huh?

LOGAN

(wearily)

Some lift.

CUT TO:

101. INT. LOGAN'S LIVING UNIT - NIGHT

Standing at the desk is Francis. Nearby, a Sandman named HARTMAN.

Across the room we see the door. Broken, charred, gaping. Hartman looks thoughtfully at Francis.

FRANCIS

(harsh)

Notify HQ. I'm going after him.
Illegal possession of official
weaponry.

HARTMAN

Let's hope you're wrong. I'd hate
to face Logan with a gun.

CUT TO:

102. INT. ARCADE - LOGAN - NIGHT

Logan's face comes toward us out of colored darkness. He slowly turns, revolving before CAMERA. A surrealistic, dreamlike CLOSEUP as his image is DAZZLED by O.S. moving lights. The CAMERA too is moving, rotating. MUSIC GONGS and HISSES around him. This is the immense pleasure center known as Arcade. A vast, crazy-quilt of hallucimills, Re-live parlors and fire galleries -- a never-ending human logjam.

O.S. firelight FLICKERS on Logan's features as he turns into FULL FACE and stops.

103. HIS POV - A BURNING MAN (EFFECT)

A man clothed in flames. Beyond the man deep in a tunnel we see pools of fire. A purgatory of leaping flames, smouldering molten lava. We see people sporting in the flames, dipping hands into the molten stuff to pour it over their bodies.

BURNING MAN

(a hawker; speiling)

Come one, ccme all. Take a bath
in living flame!

(to Logan)

Wanta good time, citizen?

104. ANGLE ON LOGAN

dazzled by firelight.

LOGAN

Where's The New You?

105. BURNING MAN - CLOSE

BURNING MAN

Take the old C slide down to
Badland. Thread the passway to the
Berkeley warrens. You can't miss
it.

(speiling)

Bathe in living flame!

106. CLOSE ON LOGAN

a nod of thanks.

CUT TO:

107. TIGHT SHOT - DOOR

A dirty stretch of black glass. A legend HITS the glass with a sulphurous shower and withdraws. Hits and withdraws into the blackness. THE NEW YOU.... THE NEW YOU....
THE NEW YOU....

Logan ENTERS SHOT - Moves toward the glass.

CUT TO:

108. INT. NEW YOU SHOP - NIGHT

Logan enters. The room is faded, ash colored. Even the air seems used. Behind a battered chrome desk is a man in whites, seen in profile. He's pale, eighteen. His name is DOC.

LOGAN
I want Doc.

DOC
(suspicious)
What for?

LOGAN
Sanctuary.

He shows his blinking palm. Doc rises, crosses to a door.

DOC
(looks back)
I'm Doc.

Logan follows.

109. INT. HALL

They go down a musty hall. He opens another door.

110. INT. LARGE ROOM

as they enter. The room is mostly metal. Looming in the center of the floor is a hulking metal device. Logan sees it; his face pales.

The device is a large metal bed, grooved and slotted and equipped with fastening devices. Suspended over the flat bed, a glittering tangle of probes and pincers and scalpels. Springs. Clamps. Needles. Tubes and wires interconnect, criss-crossing the main body. At one end, a console of buttons, switches, dials, lights. The bed hums.

DOC'S VOICE (O.S.)
There's not another like her between
here and New Alaska. A Mark J.
Surgeon.

(proudly)
She'll lengthen bone, alter germ
plasm, or re-wire your nervous
system.

Logan turns to face Doc.

111. ANGLE TO INCLUDE DOC

as he steps, FULL FACE, from shadow into light. The left side of his face is stippled and marked with vivid tattooing -a Mauri mask, swirls, dots, scrollwork. Logan draws back.

DOC

(laughing shrilly)

A little edgy are you? Well, that's natural. Runners are scared people. Least you got sense enough to start before your flower blacks. It's tougher then. -- With the Sandmen onto you. Up on the table.

LOGAN

(warily)

Why?

DOC

Check out and body lift. Heart, lungs, muscle tone. Anything wrong with you, the table can fix it.

(beat)

Except for the flower. Not even a Mark J can fix that.

112. TWO SHOT - LOGAN - DOC

Reluctantly, Logan lies down on the Table under the ominous snake-tangle of probes, pincers, scalpels... The Table ripples, accepting his weight.

Doc fastens his wrists and ankles, attaches sensors.

DOC

Ask me what I'm doing in a shop like this. I got my reasons. A little Muscle for the Cubs, a tattoo job for the weird ones, a sex lift now and then ... I make out.

113. TWO SHOT - DOC - LOGAN

LOGAN

Make it quick.

Doc is annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

113. (CONTINUED)

DOC

(voice hard)

Look, runner ... you ease down. I tell you where to go, how to go, and when to go. You don't go nowhere without Doc.

(a beat)

Can't use the next key anyway till 9:40. Plenty of time for the New You.

Doc moves to a console at the head of the Table, dances his fingers over buttons.

114. LOW ANGLE - SHOOTING UP AT TABLE

It begins to HUM as a pair of thin silver probes separate from the overhead cluster and position themselves above Logan. A stun-needle lowers. A vibro-saw begins to KEEN.

Abruptly, all motion ceases.

An ALARM buzzes.

115. ANGLE FEATURING DOC

He narrows his eyes.

DOC

Metal on the Table ...

Doc comes over to the Table.

Logan, sweating, is helpless as Doc pulls back his shirt at the waist. The Gun is there, snugged in along his leg; we see its handle protruding.

DOC

A Sandman!

Doc moves quickly back to the Console.

Logan lunges against the straps. They hold.

116. TIGHT ON DOC

His eyes are hot, excited. His small pink tongue darts out to run along his lower lip.

LOGAN

What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)

116. (CONTINUED)

DOC
(menace)
Scramble the Table.

The Table HUMS into life.

117. CLOSE ON LOGAN

His face reflects the terror of cutting blades. A stun needle lances into his cheek. Metal clamps bite into his right leg. A surgical scalpel slits his shirt from shoulder to waist, leaving a thread of blood in its wake. A sponge dips down to wipe away the blood.

Logan sucks in his belly, tries to flatten himself into the bed of steel.

118. ANGLE ON DOC

watching, breathing deeply, eyes shining.

119. ANGLE ON LOGAN - THE TABLE

A pair of nerve scissors viciously snip air an inch above Logan's face. A wide, saw-toothed blade sweeps down toward his exposed throat.

He tightens, expecting death.

The blade pauses, hovers, suddenly dips to slice mindlessly through the strap binding his right arm.

120. TIGHT SHOT - DOC'S SHOCKED EYES

reacting.

121. ANGLE ON LOGAN - THE TABLE

It sprays Logan with an alcohol mist. His free hand goes for the Gun at his waist. The probes, knives begin to descend, whining. Logan hacks at them with a sweep of the gunbarrel. They snap like icicles. He bends forward to punch the leg releaser. Now only one hand is held captive. Logan rolls off the Table, attempts to swing the Gun toward Doc.

122. ANGLE TO INCLUDE DOC

disappearing through a door at end of room. Logan hits the strap release and rolls clear as with a HUM and WHINE the Table begins to attack its own vitals with drills, saws, knives. Sparks SHOWER. A SCREAMING RIP of METAL on metal. Flame and smoke erupt as the alcohol ignites.

Logan, beating flame from his shirt, sprints for the door used by Doc.

123. INT. CORRIDOR

as Logan plunges into view. The corridor is a tangle of intersecting halls, ramps, shafts. It is illuminated, a deep ruby-red. Now we can HEAR the GONGING HISS of music, the raucous CALLS of hawkers, the MOANING CRACKLE of the fire galleries.

Logan looks about. Listens. He moves quickly down a sloping hall.

124. ANGLE IN HALL - LOGAN

moving forward, all senses alert. Abruptly something SLICES into FRAME, smashing the Gun from his hand.

125. ANOTHER ANGLE - LOGAN - DOC

We see Doc poised, holding a strange Club. It is long and ice-gray wreathed in frost, resembles a policeman's "Billy". Nearby, on the sloping floor, the Gun, smoking.

DOC

Easy, Sandman. Just back away from the Gun. Old Doc can handle a popsicle. Freeze the heart in your chest. That what you want?

126. TIGHT - THE GUN

rimmed with ice. A wisp of steam rises from the frosty metal.

127. TWO SHOT

as Doc slashes at Logan with the Club, grazing his other wrist. The arm goes dead. Logan leaps to one side, but Doc hits the wall feet-first, kicks off to land behind him. Doc begins to warily move forward, the Club cocked and ready. Both of Logan's arms are temporarily numbed and useless.

128. TIGHT - LOGAN'S FACE

He is in serious trouble.

129. TIGHT - DOC

A thin, cold smile in a tattooed face.

130. ANGLE

as Doc raises the Club, rushes.

131. ANGLE - LOGAN

coming at CAMERA feet-first. He kicks out. The CAMERA goes to BLACK. Simultaneously: A CHOKED SCREAM.

132. ANGLE

As Logan rises from a crouch to advance on the prone body, rubbing the circulation back into his wrists. Logan kicks the smoking Club from the dead hand, begins stripping Doc's pockets. He rises, his hands empty -- a disappointed look.

He crosses to the Gun, bends over to retrieve it. As his fingers touch the weapon he jerks them back, stung. Gingerly he touches the weapon again. Carefully picks it up. The weapon is ice cold. Slowly the inner GLOW of the weapon returns. Logan puts the gun under his shirt.

He reacts to an O.S. MOAN.

Logan tenses. His head comes up.

He moves to an aluminum-mesh curtain hanging across a door, parts it carefully.

We see, through the opening, a darkened room. A single pencil beam illuminates a GIRL's FACE, bare shoulders, the curve of a breast. Her eyes are dazed, blank, semi-drugged. She blinks into the light.

JESS

(dazedly)

Are you ... the man I was told to meet?

Her fingers tentatively explore her body. We see her palm is blinking red-black, red-black in the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

132. (CONTINUED)

JESS
(in awe)
I've been changed.

LOGAN
Key. Do you have a punchkey?

133. INT. ROOM - GIRL'S POV - THE DOORWAY

Against the outside light we see Logan as a dark silhouette.

134. ANGLE ON JESS

quickly recovering from her drugged state. She rises into light slipping into her blouse. We realize she is nude, the lower part of her body clothed in darkness. She removes a small key. A flash of silver, drops the key back into her blouse.

JESS
He told me -- us -- to use a branch
tunnel under Arcade.

As she talks Jess wriggles into form-fitting slacks. The teasing light reveals her provocatively.

LOGAN
Hurry.

QUICK CUT TO:

135. SLIDEWAY - NIGHT

as they plunge down into jeweled darkness.

136. INT. MAZE PLATFORM - TIGHT SHOT - CALL BOX

Logan's hand ENTERS SHOT, inserts key in slot, twists.

SOUND: First SILENCE. Then, rising, a distant Brass HUMMING along the tunnels. A rocketing RUSH of deep Earth winds becoming a HOWL.

137. FULL SHOT - JESS - LOGAN

standing beside a tunnel mouth.

With the SOUND, LIGHTS come from distant B.G. with a rush. The SOUND CRESCENDOS. A dark MASS slams toward CAMERA, filling mouth of tunnel. A portal slides open. Jess and Logan go through.

138. INT. MAZECAR - LOGAN - JESS

A cylindrical cone of a car. We see two reclining chairs. Logan takes one, Jess the other.

METALLIC VOICE (MAZECAR)
Destination?

139. TIGHT - LOGAN'S FACE - THINKING

METALLIC VOICE (OVER)
Destination?

LOGAN
(unsure; hesitantly)
Sanctuary.

140. ANGLE

The portal slides closed. Logan and Jess are pressed back into the padded seats as though under terrific acceleration.

CUT TO:

141. MAZE PLATFORM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

A bent sign angles over the area: Cathedral. The platform is broken masonry, warped tiles, dust and cracked flooring. Dim illumination is provided by a thin yellow shaft of sunlight spearing from a jagged hole in the high roof. On a rusted section of wall: a torn poster of a running man. It is overprinted with the word: Shame. Scrawled beneath the poster: Runners Stink! A row of stubby pedestals are numbered 1 thru 10 (these are maze call boxes).

The mazecar socks into a slot along the platform. The car opens. Logan exits the machine, followed by Jess. His eyes narrow as he reacts with apprehension to the sign.

JESS
Cub territory ... This can't be
Sanctuary. Why did the car take
us here?

Logan is about to reply, but stops, reacting to a distant SOUND. He pushes the girl into a shadowed alcove.

142. TWO SHOT - LOGAN AND JESS

The girl's eyes register fear.

VOICE O.S. (FAINT, ECHOING)

(sing-song)

Sandman, Sandman,
Leave my door ...
Don't come back here,
Any more ...

It is a high, childish treble -- coming closer.

LOGAN

(tensely)

Cubs!

VOICE

(continuing)

Now I lay me,
Down to pray ...
Sandman, Sandman,
Stay away ...

143. FULLER ANGLE

We see MARY-MARY, a small child of five in a tattered blue garment walk out of darkness into the circle of sun on the platform. She drags a fabric sack behind her. She is grimed, scabbed, thin. She crosses the lighted area, approaches the alcove bends into shadow, peering at the two crouching figures.

MARY-MARY

Don't be afraid ... I'm Mary-Mary 2.

Logan comes warily out of shadow. Jess follows.

LOGAN

Who sent you?

MARY-MARY

(wide-eyed)

Why, the old, old, man, of course.

(a beat)

He has deep places in his face and his hair is black and white, all mixed together. He's the oldest man in the world.

JESS

Ballard!

(CONTINUED)

143. (CONTINUED)

Logan and Jess exchange a look -- as Mary-Mary takes a punchkey from her torn pocket.

MARY-MARY

He told me to give you this.

Jess takes the key.

LOGAN

(looks at row of
numbered call boxes)

Which call box?

Solemnly the tiny girl holds up her right hand, fingers spread. In her palm a yellow flower glows softly.

MARY-MARY

This many.

JESS

Five.

She crouches, a motherly gesture, before Mary-Mary. Touches her, looks into the child's eyes.

JESS

Why aren't you in a nursery, Mary-Mary?

MARY-MARY

(proudly)

I'm very smart.

JESS

Don't you get hungry?

MARY-MARY

You can catch things to eat.

She opens the cloth sack and pulls out a massive, old-fashioned rat-trap. Jess looks at Logan with horror.

MARY-MARY

I never go upstairs. The bad people are there and they chase you.

(turning away)

Goodbye now. You're a nice old lady.

She trudges off into the darkness of the tunnels. At the edge of the light she turns to wave. Goes.

Jess has been trying to control herself. Now she cries out.

(CONTINUED)

143. (CONTINUED - 2)

JESS
Mary-Mary -- Wait!

Logan grabs her arm. Turns toward the call boxes.

LOGAN
Come on.

JESS
We can't leave her here.

LOGAN
She's all right.

JESS
A nursery would protect her.

LOGAN
As it protected you?

JESS
(defensive)
I was happy in a nursery ...
(weakens)
At least I wasn't unhappy ... I
accepted everything then, without
questioning --
(a beat)
Do you ever wonder what your mother
was like ... how she looked?

LOGAN
(a note of
harshness)
Stop this! ... You're beginning to
weaken ... and that's what they
depend on. That's the Sandman's
strength. They know we'll lose
heart. They let a runner defeat
himself.
(a beat; firmly)
Give me the key.

At that moment there is a SCREAM from the tunnel. The
SOUND of running feet.

JESS
(in shock)
It's Mary-Mary!

The child runs out of the tunnel darkness into Jessica's
arms.

(CONTINUED)

143. (CONTINUED - 3)

MARY-MARY

Charming Billy and the bad people.
Bad, bad, bad.

As she speaks they are suddenly surrounded by a mass of weaving colors, quick shapes. (Cubs on muscle as in earlier scene) Logan falls into a defensive crouch.

144. HIS POV

Shifting streaks of color. Beyond the dazzle of movement a feral-faced 13-year-old dressed in a ripped, yellow police tunic and sweat-stained skintights. He comes forward with an arrogant swagger. Stops, facing CAMERA. He is CHARMING BILLY.

CHARMING BILLY

(an oily smirk)

The little rat trapper and two stinking runners.

145. BACK TO SCENE

Logan looks at Billy warily. Mary-Mary stamps her tiny foot in anger.

MARY-MARY

You go away! This is my place
You go back upstairs!

Jess holds the child protectively against her.

Billy ignores Mary-Mary, produces a drugpad with a theatrical gesture. The weaving shapes blur closer to Logan.

FIRST VOICE (SPEEDED)

Letemsuckmuscle!

SECOND VOICE (SPEEDED)

Shakeuptodeath! Killhim!

Logan, realizing what they are saying, braces himself for attack.

BILLY

Afraid of Muscle, are you? We use it all the time. Speeds up the reflexes. Speeds up the heart. Young ones can live through it. Heard old ones get shook to death on it. Let's find out.

Jess looks uncertainly around her, sees:

146. ANGLE - CALL BOX 5

147. BACK TO SCENE

She turns and plunges toward the call box, the key in her hand. BILLY GIGGLES as a shape blurs in toward her, hits her, sends her sprawling. The key flies from her, tinkling along the platform.

Billy ignores the downed girl, turns his attention again to Logan. He removes a pad from his jacket, smashes it. SMOKE seeps from it. He thrusts it toward Logan. Logan takes a step back, but before he can defend himself he is slammed against a wall by the superfast Cubs. He struggles helplessly as Billy moves toward him, the smoking pad in his hand.

148. TIGHT SHOT - LOGAN'S HEAD

as the pad is thrust into SHOT. Logan leans away from it, holding his breath. Suddenly butts forward, striking Billy in chest. The pad is knocked from Billy's hand, but he quickly produces another.

149. ANGLE - MARY-MARY - CHARMING BILLY - LOGAN

The tot has been ignored by Billy. Determinedly she marches forward and kicks him in the leg.

MARY-MARY

Go away!

Billy howls in pain, dropping the unused pad. With the distraction Logan lunges free, staggers back. Billy glares at the child. Forgetting Logan for a moment he claps another drugpad to his mouth. Breathes deep. Vanishes in a blur of color.

150. TIGHT - LOGAN

A helpless look. He has no choice. He claws for the hidden Gun inside his waistband. Pulls it loose. Fires.

151. GROUP SHOT

The charge explodes into the Cubs, shattering them.

CUT TO:

152. INT. ARCADE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Francis stands over the body of Doc. He kneels to check the corpse. Doc's head rolls loosely, the neck broken. Francis' follower scope begins to BUZZ. He takes it off his belt.

CUT TO: -

153. INT. REPORT ROOM - DS HEADQUARTERS

A technician sits before a flashing screen.

FRANCIS
(over over)
What've you got?

TECH
Logan's Gun trace.
(a beat)
His Gun has just been fired. The
trace co-ordinates are 16-J-34.
(calculates)
That makes it ... Cathedral.

154. INT. ARCADE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Francis nods tightly, walks off quickly down the corridor.

CUT TO:

155. MAZE PLATFORM - CATHEDRAL

as a mazecar slams into the vacant slot. The door slides open.

156. CLOSE ON CALL BOX 5

We see a key protruding from it. In B.G. we see tiny Mary-Mary running away down tunnel.

157. TWO SHOT

as Logan scoops up Billy's unused drugpad from the platform, pulls Jess to her feet and shoves her into the waiting car. Jess looks at the Gun with dazed horror.

JESS
Sandman! You're a Sandman!

(CONTINUED)

157. (CONTINUED)

CAR (METALLIC VOICE)

Destination?

LOGAN

(a harsh command)

Sanctuary!

Something is shimmering into shape, blocking the doorway to the car. It solidifies into:

158. TIGHT SHOT - DOORWAY

Charming Billy in his yellow tunic. He is headless!

The door slides closed. The car lurches into motion.

CUT TO:

159. INT. DESERTED MAZE TUNNEL - MARY-MARY

as she runs toward CAMERA down the dark tunnel.

MARY-MARY (VOICE OVER)

Bad people ... bad! bad! bad!

She runs full-tilt into:

160. TIGHT - FRANCIS - MARY-MARY

as she collides with his chest. Her eyes register panic.

CUT TO:

161. INT. MAZE - PLATFORM - M.O.L.L.U. - NIGHT

We are in shifting green-black depths. This is an under-sea platform, and a great surging skin of water presses in against its glass walls. We hear the SOUND of a maze-car, humming in along the tunnel.

It SOCKS into the boarding slot. The portal opens and Jess flings herself out onto the platform, Logan close behind.

He grabs her by one elbow, spins her around. Her back is to a great, curving glass wall -- and behind her dark sea shapes float past. A giant shark nuzzles the glass, drifts away. Far off, we hear a booming SOUND, and, near at hand, creaking sounds as the platform on which they stand shifts with the great ocean tides.

(CONTINUED)

151. (CONTINUED)

Logan, still holding her arm, glares at Jess.

LOGAN
So I've got a DS Gun. I was a
Sandman. Now I'm a runner.

JESS
(hard-voiced)
Sandmen don't run.

152. ANGLE FEATURING LOGAN

A side look. How can he convince her? He reaches out,
takes her hand.

LOGAN
(softly)
Jess ...

He reacts to her; she is staring at her hand in his. He
follows her look.

153. TIGHT - HER PALM (MUSIC STING)

There is a black flower, unblinking in the palm of that
hand.

154. CLOSE ON LOGAN

He reacts to the hand, eyes going hard.

LOGAN
You're on black!

His hand, automatically, slowly, drops toward the Gun at
his waist. His fingers close on the handle.

155. CLOSE ON JESS

She looks at him in horror -- the hunted look of the girl
in the teaser.

156. TWO SHOT - LOGAN - JESS

He hesitates, fighting his instinct. She whirls to run
off down the platform.

LOGAN
Jess!

He pulls his hand away from the Gun, with self-revulsion --
then begins to pursue her.

167. CLOSE ON METAL STEPS

Her feet pound up a spiral of stairs.

168. CLOSE ON JESS - MOVING SHOT

The CAMERA runs with her along an upper corridor flanked by tanks of flashing sea life. We see, to either side of the girl, squid and porpoise and eel, barracuda and the great trunkback turtle.

169. ANGLE AT END OF CORRIDOR

We see that the corridor dead-ends in a round, steel door controlled by a bar of iron. Jess throws herself at this door, pulls down on the iron bar with her full weight.

170. CLOSE ON JESS

We hear the SOUND of a giant hissing arrow -- as an armored harpoon sings in to bury itself in the steel, an inch from her head.

With the impact of the great harpoon into the metal door Jess whirls around. Her eyes go wide.

171. HER POV - WHALE

standing, wide-legged, holding a primed steglauncher, (a cross between a jackhammer and a crossbow) in two bloated hands, an incredible figure. Hormones have gone wild in him; a rampaging thyroid has built a giant. His bristled head brushes the corridor ceiling. An oiled slicker the color of midnight drapes his swollen frame. His face is a moon.

WHALE

Wait up there, girl! Open that hatch and the sea will take us both.

His eyes vanish in moonflesh as he HEARS and reacts to the SOUND of Logan's heels on the metal deck. Whale billows ponderously about.

172. ANGLE

as Logan pauses in mid-stride, sees Whale. Sees the steglauncher covering him.

(CONTINUED)

172. (CONTINUED)

WHALE

(continuing;
unperturbed)

What's this? Told to wait for two
runners. Runner don't chase a
runner.

JESS

(cold-voiced)

He's with DS.

Whale considers this placidly. Logan doesn't move. Far
off: a DULL BOOMING SOUND. With the SOUND, Whale flinches.

LOGAN

I'm a runner. She wouldn't believe
me.

WHALE

(quiet)

So why should I?

He holds up a thick hand, sausage fingers spread. A
charcoal flower is lost in folded flesh.

WHALE

Just ease out the Gun and put it on
the deck.

With slow, deliberate control, Logan places the Gun on the
floor, eyes not leaving the bore of the steglauncher.

Another SOUND of far-off demolition. The walls shudder.
Whale lifts his massive head.

WHALE

(a wounded cry)

Hold, Molly girl, hold.

Logan and Jess stare at him curiously.

WHALE

(calling)

Whale's bringin' ya help.

He herds them back along the corridor.

173. SERIES OF MOVING SHOTS

thru

175. As Whale talks, they move up the slanting wall of a slimed
compartment, along a twisting catwalk suspended over black-
ness, through a beamed jungle of bent conveyers covered

(CONTINUED)

173. (CONTINUED)

thru

175. with oil and brine. Crab creatures scuttle away under their feet as they go deeper into the undersea city -- and phosphorous fish dart in the climbing bilgewater which soon reaches their knees.

WHALE

(continuing)

They called her the queen city of the sea. She fed a quarter of the world... Skimmers, tenders, harvesters ... they all came through Molly's locks ...

Another booming, far off.

WHALE

(continuing)

Earthquake in the Challenger Deep did her in ... Tenth of an inch slippage and fourteen thousand died where they stood ...

He pauses to touch a bulkhead with a gentle hand.

WHALE

(continuing; to

Molly)

But you held, didn't you girl?

He undoggs a final bulkhatch, pushes Logan through ahead of him.

WHALE

If you want to live, you'll help Molly fight her battle. Just put your weight against that bulkhead. When it goes you go with it.

He squeezes back out of the compartment, starts to swing the massive hatch shut. Jess stops him.

JESS

Wait! You're not leaving him there?

Whale ignores her.

JESS

(continuing)

You're no better than he is. At least he kills in the name of mass survival.

WHALE

A man kills to save himself.

He pushes her aside. Logan leaps for the door as it swings closed. Too late.

176. EXT. DOOR - WHALE - JESS

as Whale doggs the door closed. From a slicker pocket he takes a key, sees that she is shivering from the undersea chill.

WHALE

Back to the landing. Use it on
call box 2.

(softer)

It'll take you where it's warm.

She takes the key, starts away.

177. CLOSE ON WHALE

looking after her. A DULL REVERBERATION trembles the floorplates.

WHALE

(continuing;
calling)

Tell Ballard we're still holding.

178. ANGLE

as, with amazing agility he weaves through a thicket of spars to disappear into the depths of Molly.

179. INT. COMPARTMENT - CLOSE ON LOGAN

Dimly LIT. Logan feels despair. SOUND: metal groaning under immense pressures. The water swirls rapidly higher. Already it is at chest level as Logan traces the sweep of the chamber wall with his fingers, searching for an opening. It is a flexing coffin, drummed by the sledging BOOM of iced undersea tides; rust powders down in damp brown showers.

The Water rises to his chin. His nerve breaks. He GROANS and begins to hammer his hands against the quaking bulkhead. The water engulfs him!

HOLD on the black swirl of water filling screen.

CUT TO:

180. EXT. COMPARTMENT - THE BULKHATCH

as it swings wide, spilling water toward CAMERA in a foaming tide.

PULL BACK.

(CONTINUED)

180. (CONTINUED)

We see Jess, wet to the waist. She has undogged and opened the hatch. Logan spills out of the compartment drenched, gasping. Gets to his feet. They look at one another for a long, long moment.

CUT TO:

181. ANGLE - CONCRETE CHANNEL - RUNNING WATER

Water courses through the channel, overriding the lip, spilling across floor. Jess and Logan's feet run through scene.

JESS VOICE OVER

(panting)

No one will believe you're a runner,
unless you get rid of the Gun.

182. ANGLE AT PLATFORM - CALL BOX

as rapidly the water mounts, covers the lower part of the box. Abruptly the SOUND of a SHORT CIRCUIT. An electrical SIZZLE as FLAME and SMOKE gout from the box, arcing electrical fire.

Water is thigh-deep as Logan and Jess splash to call box. Logan carries the Gun. He punches the key into the box. With a HUM and a RUSH the mazecar comes. The door slides half open, jams. Logan and Jess hurriedly enter the car.

METALLIC VOICE (MAZECAR)

Vastness ... catch ... leaves ...
you ...

LOGAN

Sanctuary!

METALLIC VOICE

Crown ... pry ... just ... pitch ...

LOGAN

(harshly)

Something's wrong ... Sanctuary!

There is a blare of static from the speaker.

The door slides raggedly closed. A THUNDEROUS WHINE as the car departs with a lurch.

The callbox EXPLODES, as we:

CUT TO:

183. INT. DS HQ. - REPORT ROOM - DISPATCHER

The room is a hive of activity in B.G. as the Dispatcher stands in front of a Tracer screen. A glass with map lines etched into its surface.

DISPATCHER

(harried)

We had a scan on the girl with Logan.
Runner. She's on black. But we've
lost her. Vanished somewhere under
the Pacific.

Throughout, the cross-mixture of VOICES: "DS in Trancas district." "Thompson, your man is in Tokyo."

CUT TO:

184. PLATFORM - M.O.L.L.U. - NIGHT

Francis examines the exploded callbox, frowns, looking concerned. Raises his head, reacting to: a distant concussion from the undersea city.

CUT TO:

185. EXT. ICEFIELDS - HELL - DAY

CAMERA PANS a refrigerated wilderness of blowing ice and snow. The WIND howls. A HOOTING ALARM SOUNDS.

Directly in CAMERA F.G. two shapeless figures fall from top of FRAME -- THUD to the ice. Unmoving.

Powdered ice crystals swirl over the man-sized bundles. Frost forms on the wrappings.

CAMERA TILTS UP SLIGHTLY.

Out of the swirl of naked cold comes a strange figure bent against the wind. A fur-shrouded scarecrow, his feet rag-wrapped, his face old leather and iodine, his eyes burn under a filth-stiffened parka. This is WARDEN. He approaches the figures, bends, begins stripping away the wrappings to reveal Logan and Jess. Warden stuffs handfuls of wrapping inside his parka. Frost is beginning to dust the eyebrows and hair of Logan and Jess as Warden SLAPS them smartly across the face. Logan's eyes open. Jess MOANS, twists.

JESS

Where are we?

186. TIGHT ON WARDEN

WARDEN
(a wolf smile)
Welcome to Hell.

Logan rises shakily, pulls Jess up with him.

LOGAN
(fighting the cold)
Malfunction in the maze ... we're
at the prison city.

JESS
Then we're lost. We're off the
Sanctuary line.

WARDEN
Come learn the rules.

187. ANGLE

as Warden turns and starts away into the swirl of ice and
wind.

Logan and Jess exchange looks. Follow.

188. ANGLE AT BURROWS

Fourteen burrows in an irregular semicircle on the lee
side of a storm-carved berg. As Logan, Jess and Warden
stumble into the semicircle the HOWL of the wind diminishes
slightly.

Emerging in clots of twos and threes from the ink mouths
of the ice holes, fur-swaddled figures surround them:
skull haunted faces in a wolf circle.

WARDEN
Your neighbors: sadists, murderers,
rapists. Rule one: a new convict
picks his antagonist. Two: the
antagonist uses any weapon he has
to defend himself and his goods.
Three: the new man fights bare-
handed.

(a beat)
That's all the rules we got --
except winner gets first cut.

LOGAN
And if I don't fight?

(CONTINUED)

188. (CONTINUED)

WARDEN
Then you die on the ice.
(a beat)
And we take your woman.

Warden gives Jess a hot look. She shrinks back.

189. CLOSE SHOT - LOGAN

He realizes he has no choice. He measures his would-be antagonists.

190. HIS POV

The wolf-circle of faces surrounding him. CAMERA PANS these faces. No weak ones here. These men are survivors. CAMERA HOLDS on one face: bearded, thick-lipped, vicious.

LOGAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Him.

The wolf eyes flicker.

191. ANGLE

as the man steps into the circle. The ranks close behind him.

192. SERIES OF FACES

thru

194. The convicts lean forward in anticipation.

195. ANGLE FEATURING LOGAN AND ANTAGONIST - OTHERS IN B.G.

The man pulls a needle pointed stiletto of burnished ice from the matted fur at his chest. Light FLARES from the needle point.

Logan eases back a step, his arms fold across his chest.

The man pauses momentarily. He doesn't understand this. He makes a feint in Logan's direction. Logan takes a quick light step away. Another feint. The man is much closer now. A sudden movement -- as he lunges at Logan, the ice blade arcing upward in a belly thrust.

(CONTINUED)

195. (CONTINUED)

Logan's hand snaps down, pinning the knife wrist. A sick look of dismay crosses the man's face as he is unable to move or pull his hand free.

Logan whips to one side, crouches, heaves! The man cartwheels headfirst into the iceberg wall, a solid, SMASHING CRACK as his neck breaks. He slides down the wall into a heap. Casually Logan picks up the fallen ice blade, palms it, smashes it against the berg. Ice powders down onto the slumped body of his antagonist. Logan turns, facing the circle of watchers who are stunned by the suddenness of his victory.

Then, as if on a signal, the men move to the dead body, begin to strip off clothing.

196. ANGLE ON LOGAN AND WARDEN

Man enters scene, dumps the dead man's clothing at Logan's feet, exits.

WARDEN

Claim his goods.

Warden turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

197. INT. HIDE-HOLE - DAY

Logan and Jess, now dressed in the shaggy hides of the dead convict, sit side by side in the cramped burrow, huddled together against the cold.

JESS

With the Gun we'd have some kind of chance.

(a beat)

You shouldn't have listened to me.

They react to a scuffling sound. Warden's face appears at entrance.

WARDEN

Come see Black Tom.

CUT TO:

198. CLOSE SHOT - BLACK TOM

On a stubby hand-hewn pedestal is a block of semi-opaque ice. Inside the block we see, obscured, a man.

198. (CONTINUED)

CAMERA PULLS BACK - FEATURING WARDEN

We see that Logan and Jess stand beside Warden at the pedestal on the ice plain. Wind and snow flurries around them. Jess cannot bear to look at Black Tom. Logan starts to lead her away. Warden spins him around explosively.

199. CLOSE SHOT - WARDEN

WARDEN

(harsh)

Black Tom's up there for a reason.
He ain't what you'd call decoration.
You can learn from Tom. He cracked
the two-year mark in Hell.

200. GROUP SHOT

WARDEN

(continuing; softer)

He watched 'em come and he watched
'em go -- till he went snow blind.
Frostbite got his legs, but that
didn't slow him. He dug two hide-
holes by hisself to keep his place.
They say he bit his arm off when a
slide trapped him. Anyway, he come
in without it.

201. TIGHT SHOT - BLACK TOM'S FACE THROUGH THE ICE

WARDEN'S VOICE (OVER)

(continuing)

Tom lived longest 'cause he learned
fastest.

202. GROUP SHOT

WARDEN

(continuing)

There's damn little food, less
clothing and no tools. It takes
metal to build something, and the
only metal around here is in Box.

A man enters scene, hands a soggy bundle to Logan.

MAN

Here's your cut.

Logan curiously unwraps the bundle, sees what it contains,

203. CLOSE SHOT

the bundle, spilling onto the ice. We see the blood-stained liver and heart of a man.

204. GROUP SHOT

Jess steps back in horror.

WARDEN

(with a wolfish
smile)

We don't waste food here. This ain't a three-mile complex in Nebraska. When you get hungry enough, you'll eat your share of Harry.

LOGAN

(tight)

There must be other food.

WARDEN

Out there ...

CAMERA BEGINS SLOW PAN of the lifeless horizon.

WARDEN'S VOICE (OVER)

Maybe a mile ... maybe a hundred. Three men died last month, tryin' to pull down a bull seal -- and Redding lost all his fingers. Ice too thick to reach the fish if there is any. And if you don't have luck in the first hour there ain't a second.

(a beat)

Sure, there's food. There's polar bear and ptarmigan, teal and otter -- and you're welcome to hunt 'em down, if you can find 'em. And when you do, they can hide better, run faster and jump quicker than you can.

205. ANGLE FEATURING WARDEN

WARDEN

(continuing)

Go join Box out there if you don't care for the table we set.

LOGAN

Box? Who's he?

(CONTINUED)

205. (CONTINUED)

WARDEN

(a mean grin)

Box ain't a he. He's a what. Maybe he's got a name, but I don't know it. He got chewed up in a belt jump after a torture jig with a ten year old. The gears scattered him some. He was half dead, but the system don't let go that easy. They sewed him back together. What they couldn't find they made. Box lit out soon as he got here. One thing I'll say for him. He must know where the food is. If you catch him maybe you can make him show you. You might try up North about two miles near the ice cliffs.

(beat)

If you want to risk it.

206. TIGHT - LOGAN'S FACE

reacting, trying to decide.

207. TIGHT SHOT - BLACK TOM

208. SUPERIMPOSE - FULL SHOT - SNOWY WILDERNESS - LOGAN - JESS - DAY

TAKE OUT BLACK TOM. In the distance we see two figures toiling through the waste. The wind is a SCREAM.

209. SUPERIMPOSE:

thru

211. SERIES OF ANGLES - the frozen immensities, bergs, cliffs, the chill blizzard swirl of dusting ice.

ENDING ON: the figures are closer now. We see they are Logan and Jess, clothing glazed with ice, faces frosted. Logan weaves with weariness, the cold. He tries to pull Jess to her feet. He loses his footing and both sprawl to the ice. Logan labors up to one knee, looking down at Jess. He sits stupidly for a moment, fighting the aching cold. Then, gently, as a man falls into sleep he slumps across her. His eyes close.

ZOOM IN to EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - EYES. HOLD for a moment. The eyes open, comprehend what they see. A look of awe.

PULL QUICKLY BACK. We are no longer on the ice but in an:

212. INT. ICE CAVE - LOGAN - JESS - DAY

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY FROM LOGAN TO:

An incredible palace, made completely of ice: an intricate scrimshaw of glassed fretwork, rising in prisms tiers, shot through with light jewels: dandelion yellows, crimson lakes, cerulian blues, flashing and reflecting, illuminated by a barrel-sized lamp of carved bone which sizzles and flickers. Supporting this fragile lacework is an immense column, angling up into the vaulted roof of the ice cavern.

213. CLOSE SHOT

A fish of sequined rainbow scales caught in a zircon wave.

214. CLOSE SHOT

A tusked walrus with mirror-ice eyes, body veined with blacks and purples.

215. CLOSE SHOT

A flight of glittering crystal birds in a crystal sky.

JESS'S VOICE (OVER)

(awed)

It's beautiful... incredible...

(a sudden gasp;
shock)

216. ANGLE - LOOKING UP - BOX

as he LOOMS into SHOT. An awesome figure. He stands on tall chrome-pipe legs. From the mid-point of his sternum to his hips he is flashing metal, coils and cables. His head is half flesh, half metal. One eye is a ruby. One hand is a buzzing saw.

BOX (THREE VOICES IN UNISON)

(fluting)

Ah... but wait for the winds. Then
my birds sing... my great walrus
breathes... my palace chimes and
bells.

(a beat)

And the deep grottos whisper my
name -- Box... Box...
Bahhhxxxxxsssss!...

His voice sobs into silence.

217. ANGLE ON LOGAN AND JESS

as they draw back.

218. GROUP SHOT - FEATURING BOX

BOX (THREE VOICES)
And now you'll be part of my temple,
the crown jewel in my collection...
You'll be here, the two of you,
eternally frozen in a lovers'
embrace.

Jess looks at Logan, apprehensively. He braces himself
for action.

JESS
(frightened)
Why do you want to kill us?

Half of Box smiles.

BOX (THREE VOICES)
(honey'd words)
I want to save you. My vocation is
beauty; my avocation is pain. Do
exactly as I command and I shall
show you a way out of Hell.

219. CLOSE SHOT - JESS

She wants to believe, looks hopefully at Logan.

220. CLOSE SHOT - LOGAN

His face is grim.

LOGAN
There's no way out of Hell. The
force field makes escape impossible.

221. ANGLE FEATURING BOX

BOX (THREE VOICES)
Wrong. I know the way. I am Man-
metal, and Man-metal is linked to
the Thinker. It lies in darkness
beneath a warrior that rides the
world.

(CONTINUED)

221. (CONTINUED)

LOGAN
Crazy Horse. The Caves!

JESS
If we can reach the Thinker, we may
find a way back to the Sanctuary
line.

222. ANGLE ON BOX

Box stands beside the huge ice column that supports the
roof above.

LOGAN
(to Box)
Why don't you escape?

BOX (THREE VOICES)
And leave my white wonderland?
Leave the singing winds and the
silence?

JESS
Will you show us the way?

BOX
If you obey me.

Logan looks thoughtfully at Box. At last he is convinced.
He turns back to Jess.

LOGAN
Do what it says.

Jess looks expectantly at Box.

He leads the two to a dias covered with white fur. Nearby
is a huge block of ice.

BOX (THREE VOICES)
Now, I want you both nude.

223. TWO SHOT - JESS - LOGAN

She reacts, startled, looks at Logan. He nods tightly,
begins to strip.

224. TIGHT - JESS

as she hesitantly follows his example, unknots the leather
ties, slips off the parka, touches the magnetic closure on
her blouse to remove it.

(CONTINUED)

224. (CONTINUED)

CAMERA PANS DOWN as her skirt joins the mound of clothing at her feet. She steps out of her shoes. CAMERA FOLLOWS her naked legs as they walk to Logan's naked legs.

225. CLOSE ON BOX

His human eye shines.

BOX (THREE VOICES)

(continuing)

Enchanting! Together now, in each other's arms.

He moves to the block of ice and stands before it as an artist stands before an easel.

226. TWO SHOT - LOGAN - JESS

Logan hesitantly circles Jess's nude waist with his arm. The two fit together woodenly, barely touching.

BOX (THREE VOICES)

(continuing)

Closer. With emotion, feeling.

(to Jess)

Mold your limbs to his strong body.
Look into his eyes.

As Box speaks we see a gradual transformation in the two as they respond unconsciously to the nearness of one another. Logan becomes less wooden. Jess presses closer. Her eyes soften.

227. FACE - CLOSEUP - LOGAN

reacting to her nearness. Feeling a wild sweet sadness he has never felt before.

228. FACE CLOSEUP - JESS

giving herself up to tenderness, to rapture.

229. ANGLE REFLECTING IN ICE - LOGAN - JESS

Nude bodies entwined in embrace.

As Box's ripsaw HAND enters SHOT to shiver the ice into blue patterns, a TINKLING of shards and ice splinters. He works with incredible speed. EFFECT as two figures begin to emerge from the block, magically forming, shaping...

230. TIGHT - LOGAN - JESS

Their faces almost touching, lips almost kissing. This is no sensual scene in a glasshouse. This is eternal -- an endless moment of love, passion, beauty. Time holds its breath.

The BUZZ of the SAW stops.

BOX' VOICE (THREE VOICES O.S.)

Done! Behold.

Logan jolts under the soft impact of the voice. Reluctantly he releases Jess. Stands. Turns to his clothing.

231. ANGLE - BOX - THE STATUE

The endless moment is there, captured in the dazzle of blue-white ice.

232. CLOSE - JESS

She draws in her breath, walks to the statue, touches it. She whirls at SOUND OF BLOW. She reacts with dismay to:

233. HER POV - BOX

smiling evilly with half a face as he comes toward CAMERA.

234. CLOSE ON LOGAN

We are on his face as his eyes flutter open.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: Logan in a cage of ice, bars surrounding him. He is nude to the waist, but wears trousers and shoes. His shirt and furs have been thrown into the cage with him and lay balled in one corner.

As he goes to the bars to peer through at:

235. LOGAN'S POV

Jess, spread-eagled and helpless, pinned -- with a scrap of fur across her body -- to a tilted slab of ice. Her body trembles with chill. Facing her: a steeply-inclined slideway. Balanced delicately on the high lips of this slide is a massive ten-ton iceblock. Water drips from it into white fur as an oil flame eats steadily away at one end of the block. It is slowly inching over, in a GRINDING crunch, pulled by the slow force of gravity. It is obvious that when enough of its mass has melted it will tip completely over and begin its ponderous rush toward the girl.

On a polar-covered dais, Box sits -- chromed legs folded beneath him

236. CLOSER - SHOOTING THROUGH ICE AT JESS'S NUDE BACK

237. CLOSE ON JESS

Eyes glazed with fright.

BOX' VOICE (THREE VOICES - OVER)

Beg me ...

238. INT. ICE CELL - LOGAN - DAY

Logan lunges against the ice bars, rebounds. He grips the bars, braces, strains. His muscles cord and ripple. The bars do not budge.

Logan slumps back, defeated.

BOX' VOICE (THREE VOICES - OVER)

Plead with me. Entreat me. Tell
me how much you want to live.
Softens my heart with your tears.

And now, as Logan straightens, he sees something. He goes to one ice bar, peers at it. Polishes the ice with the heel of his hand. There is a smudge of darkness frozen in the clear ice.

239. HIS POV - TIGHT SHOT - THE ICE BAR

Frozen in the depths of the bar we see the dark curve of a tiny fish.

240. ANGLE - LOGAN

as he looks about the cell. He crosses quickly to the discarded clothing. He sits down, begins to wrap the garments around his right shoe. Now his foot is cushioned by several layers of fabric. He stands up and faces the imperfect bar of his cage. He breathes deeply, concentrating, eyeing the bar, summoning tension into his body. Braces himself and takes three quick, running steps forward and launches himself feet-first at the defective bar of ice. His foot lashes out at head height slamming into the cell bar. It EXPLODES with a splintering CRASH as Logan breaks through.

241. ANGLE OUTSIDE CELL

as Logan heads for Jess. Enroute he scoops up one of her discarded shoes.

(CONTINUED)

241. (CONTINUED)

He clambers up onto the tilted slab and attacks the ice shackles with the shoe as a hammer. Behind him the deep CRUNCH of ice as the huge block tilts ponderously.

With four quick blows he frees the girl.

Now, behind him, a great RUMBLE. The ice block is free!

Logan and Jess dive from the slideway as the block RUSHES down. The two awesome masses mate in DEMOLITION. Ice dust powders the air.

242. ANGLE - LOGAN

SOUND: BUZZING METAL. Logan throws himself aside as the Rip Saw hand of Box slices through the space he just occupied.

243. ANOTHER ANGLE

Logan, defensive -- Box advancing, hand buzzing.

Box hurtles in, face contorted with rage. Logan goes under the slicing rip saw. Before Box can stop the motion, his hand RIPS deeply into the central column. A SOUND of scissored ice.

Logan backs away as Box swings to face him, sees:

244. THE COLUMN

splitting. A great crack fissures the vault.

245. ANGLE AT ROOF

spreading network of wide cracks. The SOUND of shattered, crackling ice.

246. ANGLE BIRDS

showering from a crystal sky.

247. ANGLE

The walrus rears and dies.

248. ANGLE LOGAN

showered by ice particles, arms shielding his head. He sees:

249. HIS POV - BOX

trying to escape the falling debris. He lurches toward what appears to be a solid wall of ice. A 50-pound chunk of falling ice strikes him, knocking him down. He falls toward the wall. With his final strength he crawls through the wall. The upper half of his body disappears. He thrashes, lies still.

250. ANGLE LOGAN - JESS

He grabs clothing, and pulls Jess through the exit wall as, behind him, a single cataclysmic death as the ice creatures CRACK and CLATTER, mirror-smashed in a fractured tumble of shelves and ledges and crystal lace, disintegrating in shimmering waves as the great palace pulls itself down in a blue ruin.

CUT TO:

251. ANGLE - MAZE PLATFORM - LOGAN - JESS - DAY

Sudden SILENCE.

Both react with astonishment to the existence of the maze platform. The upper half of the dead body of Box extends from the wall into the platform area. Jess self-consciously dons her clothing.

JESS

Can you get a mazecar?

LOGAN

First ... the Gun.

He recovers it from a niche in the platform, checks it.

252. CLOSE ON GUN

Logan's hand spins the chamber and we see the five remaining charges. (Tangler, ripper, vapor, needler and homer.)

253. BACK TO SCENE

Logan pries open a call box, shifts the terminals. A car comes HUMMING.

(CONTINUED)

253. (CONTINUED)

They enter the car.

Destination? CAR (METALLIC VOICE)

LOGAN
(tightly)
The Black Hills ...

CUT TO:

254. EXT. FULL SHOT - THE BLACK HILLS - DAY (DAWN!)

We look from the crest of a precipice down into a vast green-black panorama. As the air freshens, the sun slowly climbs, spilling light into a hundred miles of forested wilderness. A single bird call trills and echoes through lost canyons. (NO MUSIC!)

255. CLOSE ANGLE - JESS - LOGAN

on foot. They crest a rise and look off at:

256. FULL SHOT - CRAZY HORSE

looming on the horizon: hewn from an entire mountain, a great white granite warrior riding the world. This is Crazy Horse, Tashunco-Uitco the famed Sioux war Chief who directed the annihilation of Custer's 7th at the Little Big Horn. Five hundred and sixty-three feet of virgin granite thrusting into the Dakota skies.

257. EXT. FOREST GLADE - DAY

In CAMERA F.G. a white metal post, topped by a sign. It reads:

DEATH!
Absolutely no trespassing beyond this point.
KEEP OUT!

CAMERA MOVES to pick out a series of stubby, bark-colored pedestals hidden in growth. They are linked by a thin beam of yellow light.

258. ANOTHER ANGLE

A dappled fawn moves from cover; its nose tests the morning air for danger. Finds none. Moves forward with delicate steps.

259. ANOTHER ANGLE

The fawn breasts the light beam to lap water from a natural stone basin. Instantly we hear a distinctive PULSING SOUND which CONTINUES through:

CUT TO:

260. CLOSE SHOT - HEAD OF MECH EAGLE

It is a bronze eagle, in profile, feathers like gold coins helmeting the cruel head. Motionless. Sun dazzles off the razor beak. With the PULSING SOUND from previous scene the eagle's hooded near eye jewels open. A fierce red glow. The head swings ponderously to face CAMERA. Circuits CLICK. PULSING SOUND continues as CAMERA PULLS RAPIDLY BACK to reveal:

261. FULL SHOT - SHOULDER OF CRAZY HORSE

Two giant "mech eagles", perched on the shoulder of the warrior. Bronze feathers stir. The PULSING SOUND intensifies.

CUT TO:

262. EXT. FOREST GLADE - FAWN

The SOUND rises as a pair of black shadows whip-glide over the fawn's back. It looks up, startled, terrified.

263. MOVING SHOT - LOOKING DOWN

The PULSING SOUND becomes a SCREAM.

Filling CAMERA are two giant bronze claws, talons extended. This is the mech eagle's POV as CAMERA DIVES in a rush toward fawn in glade below. The outstretched talons HIT fawn as the PULSING SOUND abruptly ENDS and we GO TO RED.

CUT TO:

264. EXT. AMONG GRANITE BOULDERS - JESS - LOGAN

They look up at a SIGN topping a white metal post. The sign is identical to previous one.

JESS

It says Death. That's why the mazecar wouldn't bring us any closer.

(CONTINUED)

264. (CONTINUED)

Logan takes out the Gun.

LOGAN
Keep moving.

265. ANGLE AT PEDESTAL

sunk in mossy granite.

As their legs break the light beam, PULSING SOUND BEGINS.

QUICK CUT TO:

266. AERIAL SHOT - LOOKING DOWN

We see Logan and Jess far below, toiling across the humped stretch of strewn boulders. They are ant-figures against the tortured terrain. PULSING SOUND INTENSIFIES.

267. TIGHT - LOGAN - JESS

as he helps her negotiate a difficult jump from boulder to boulder.

268. ANGLE - LOOKING UP

at climbing gold as the two mech eagles wheel in sky vastness, and begin to dive. PULSING SOUND RISING.

269. ANGLE - JESS - LOGAN

plunged into shadow as the two eagles blot out the sun. Reflexively, Logan reacts, looks up. Instantly he throws his weight against Jess, knocking her to safety under an outcropping granite ledge.

270. CLOSE - THE LEDGE

as it is scored by the cruel steel talons. Rock powders and explodes into dust, leaving deep furrows in the stone.

271. TIGHT - LOGAN

throws up a protective arm as he is struck down by a glancing blow from TOP OF FRAME. He is knocked tumbling.

272. CLOSE - HIS HAND

as the Gun leaves his grasp, hits boulder, skids to the lip of the boulder, slides over, falls onto a level ledge of rock twenty feet below.

273. ANGLE - MECH EAGLES

wheeling to dive again. The PULSING SOUND is a CONTINUOUS SIREN SCREAM.

274. LOOKING DOWN

Logan, motionless, sprawled on the smooth stone. His shirt ripped, blooded. He raises his head, eyes glazed with pain, looks up.

275. HIS POV

The mech eagles falling toward CAMERA. Claws extended.

276. ANGLE - LOGAN

as he rolls to edge of boulder, falls.

277. ANGLE AT BASE OF BOULDER

as he flops heavily into SCENE, outstretched hand clawing at the Gun. He scoops it up, rolls over as SHADOW engulfs him, fires.

278. ANGLE - MECH EAGLES

FILLING SCREEN as a RIPPER SLICES in a smoking scorch across the shadow-black bodies. The two birds explode and rain down in a bronze wreckage.

BLURRED WHIP PAN TO:

279. INT. DS HQ. - READY ROOM - FRANCIS

as his head swings alertly to a LIGHT blazing on a scanner screen. A look of fierce excitement.

FRANCIS
Logan's Gun! The Black Hills!
Got them.

CUT TO:

280. EXT. MOUNTAIN STREAM - TIGHT SHOT - DAY

CAMERA is close in on cool silver water, bubbling over round rocks in the stream bed.

281. JESS - ON BANK

She dips a piece of clothing into the water and climbs the green bank to Logan. We look down through shifting fans of leaf-green branches, to see her apply the wet cloth to the mangled flesh of Logan's back. He groans.

LOGAN
(a moan)

Jess ...

JESS
Lie still ... rest.

282. ANGLE ON LOGAN

We can see the raw hurt in the fever of his eyes. He blinks up at her, breathing heavily.

283. CLOSE ON JESS

She regards him as a mother, her child. Her eyes shine with concern.

JESS
There, Logan ... rest ...

284. TWO SHOT - LOGAN - JESS

The hurt and the tension ease from him, His breath evens.

LOGAN
Got to ... keep moving ... Francis.
... Gun trace ...

JESS
Hush ...

In the soft green shade -- he sleeps. Jess reaches out to touch gently at his matted hair.

285. EXT. BASE OF CRAZY HORSE - AT HOOF - DAY

Logan and Jess labor at the brush-choked base of the mountain, looking for a way into the Thinker. Jess shakes her head. Defeated.

Logan keeps moving along the base, testing the stone, searching.

266. TWO SHOT

as Logan picks up handful of brush. Crushes it. Brush snaps brittlely.

Jess looks puzzled. Logan kneels, unscrews the buttplate of the Gun, presses it against the dead brush. A FLARE as the Gun's power-pack ignites the brush.

287. ANGLE ON FIRE - HOOF OF CRAZY HORSE

We see the flames eat the brush away, revealing hidden steps which lead to the hoof of the great stallion. They start up steps.

288. SHOOTING FROM INTERIOR OF MOUNTAIN

as the two come in from the outer world of brightness -- to the GLOWING dark. This whole inner area is dimly illumined.

289. MOVING SHOT - THE TUNNEL

narrowing down as Jess and Logan move deeper into the mountain. They round a bend and stop. Jess GASPS reacting to:

290. THEIR POV - THE THINKER

a mammoth computer installation. EFFECT: this GLOW of COLORED LIGHTS seems to stretch to infinity. A vast ELECTRONIC SILENCE in winking darkness. Layer upon layer extending down into the core of the mountain, extending out through interlinking rifts of tunnel until the extent of the electronic brain is lost to view.

JESS (VOICE OVER)

(awed)

The Thinker... the force that rules the world.

291. ANGLE

They stand at the top of a flow of broken rubble. Part of the tunnel has collapsed and is heaped against one section of the computer. Logan and Jess clamber over the broken rubble down toward the computer.

292. ANGLE AT COMPUTER

This section is dark. Here no lights wink. Logan looks about puzzled, wary. He sees: A BRASS PLAQUE MOUNTED ON WALL OF COMPUTER. It reads:

CATHEDRAL JVC 6* 49833
West Complex. Los Angeles, California
Western America.

Logan looks at the plaque. Reads it. Looks about at the rubble with comprehension.

JESS
This is why Cathedral's a dead
area. The cave-in.

Logan nods tightly. Looks off.

LOGAN
Over there. Another dead area.

He starts off followed by Jess.

293. ANGLE AT FLOOR

Divided by a line. On one side the floor is black, polished, reflective. The other is dead, gray, lusterless. We see the feet of the pair step from the dead area to the live one. SIMULTANEOUSLY a SIREN WHINE stabs the silence. From somewhere deep within the hive of linking corridors something is coming with a menacing rush.

294. ANGLE

as the WATCHMAN comes from B.G. into direct CAMERA F.G. with a SCREAM and A RUSH.

295. ANGLE ON LOGAN

as he aims the Gun, fires:

296. THE WATCHMAN

The charge EXPLODES into chest-metal. LIGHT PLAYS OVER the Robot. The machine is unharmed, still coming.

LOGAN'S VOICE (OVER)
(flatly)
Duralloy!

297. ANGLE

as Jess and Logan plunge across a line in the flooring from black to gray. The WHINE now DEAFENING, a vacuum cleaner HOWL, abruptly stops. SILENCE. As the WATCHMAN LOOMS to a dead stop above them; it is a machine shaped like a man. An engine of destruction. Armor plate bristling with weaponry. A faint gear flicker behind a glass plate face. Logan, gun ready, waits for hostile motion from the Watchman. Its gun ports swivel as it probes the air with quivering metal antennas. Logan looks at the floor, sees the line.

JESS

(wondering)

What made it stop?

LOGAN

Dead section.

They turn to the computer. Set into computer, a metal plaque.

298. CLOSE ON PLAQUE

It reads:

MULTI-OPERATIONAL LOWER LIFE UNIT
VJK 8 * 190742
Pacific Ocean
Western Hemisphere

299. TWO SHOT - JESS - LOGAN

LOGAN

(thinking)

M.O.L.L.U. -- Molly!

(triumph)

Cathedral ... Molly ... Stages on the Sanctuary Line. And the next dead section ... Stage 3.

JESS

(comprehending)

Where the car should have taken us!

CAMERA follows as they move down the darkened, shorted-out corridor between the banks of black, silent computers. They reach the end of the long corridor where the gray flooring ends. They look up at another plaque:

300. CLOSE ON PLAQUE

It reads:

WASHINGTON
7 * 5644
District of Columbia
Eastern America

301. TWO SHOT - LOGAN - JESS

Logan is now certain of the chain.

JESS

But how do we get out of here?

LOGAN

The way we came in.

JESS

(terrified)

We'll never make it. We'll ...

LOGAN

It'll have to go all the way round.

(angry)

Run, damn you, run!

They run.

302. ANGLE ON PAIR

as the Watchman's SIREN fills the area. Logan and Jess continue to run.

303. MOVING SHOT - WATCHMAN

hurtles through FRAME, siren at the full, closing on them.

304. FULL SHOT - LOGAN - JESS - WATCHMAN

Jess trips, sprawls. Logan tries to pull her erect. The Robot cannons in, looms above them. Gunports track in its chest.

305. ANGLE - SIGHTING DOWN GUN BARREL

as it swivels to cover them. Jess looks up, horrified.

306. ANOTHER ANGLE - JESS - LOGAN - WATCHMAN - DOOR IN B.G.

The door opens, spilling yellow light into the interior dimness. In the door: a figure. The Robot stands completely motionless, dead gear flicker dies.

307. CLOSER - ANGLE AT DOOR

By the dim light we see the figure is: FRANCIS! He pauses in CAMERA F.G. Face tense, listening, Gun in hand.

308. ANGLE AT LOGAN

looking up. Reacting. Tension.

LOGAN
(ragged whisper)
DS. Francis!

Jerks the girl down behind back of computers.

309. CLOSE ON FRANCIS

Francis, face alert, ghosts the door closed behind him. Now he too is in darkness. All senses alert he takes several swift, silent steps in the dark and poises, listening. He is up against a runner with a Gun and he doesn't take anything for granted.

310. ANGLE - LOGAN - JESS

between looming banks of winking computer. They are shapes that blot out the pin-lights.

311. FRANCIS

stalking.

312. LOGAN - JESS

look off at:

313. ANGLE WIDENS

to reveal stairs. A rick-rack of steps going up into darkness. Stealthily they move to steps and start up. Climbing the twist of steps -- to left -- to right. Ahead, now a mass of stone is between them and Francis.

314. FRANCIS

reaches steps, listens. A scrape of cloth against stone.
He starts up steps, cautiously.

315. TIGHT ON LOGAN

frowning, knows Francis is close behind. Reaches out to
give Jess a helping hand.

316. ANGLE WIDENS

Jess: gone! Logan is dumbfounded.

LOGAN
(whisper)

Jess!

JESS' VOICE
(muffled)

Logan. This way.

Puzzled, he gropes along the wall, trying to locate the
source of her voice. His hands find a rift in the rocks.
He crouches and crawls into the opening. Francis is closer.

317. INT. NARROW TUNNEL

as Jess wriggles ahead flat on her stomach, followed by
Logan. Her breathing is tortured as she inches forward,
painfully.

JESS
(hope)
It's wider ahead!

318. INT. CAVERNS

as they emerge from a narrow rift in the rocks and come to
their feet in the darkened caverns.

319. ANGLE - JESS AND LOGAN - IN CAVERNS

They quietly climb a ridge of smooth flowstone into dark-
ness.

320. ANGLE

as Logan almost tumbles into a deep shaft in the floor.
He draws back. Far below we HEAR the subterranean flow
of waters.

321. ANGLE

moving between huge stalactites and stalagmites, dimly illuminated. Logan holds the glowing Gun ahead of him.

322. ANGLE

as they slump down in a black, mole land of dolomite and calcite. Water drips in the darkness about them.

JESS

The caverns go on forever. We'll die here.

LOGAN

Rest for a moment.

Logan puts the Gun down, breathing heavily. They are exhausted. The GLOW illuminates Jess's bare leg. Small beetle-creatures crawl from darkness, antenna the air, clamber up her leg. She SUCKS in her BREATH. A GASP. She surges to her feet, shuddering, dislodging the insects.

323. CLOSE SHOT - LOGAN'S HAND

holding the Gun. Using it as a light. As the Gun moves we see revealed the cave crawling with cavernaculous life. In shallow pools are crayfish and salamanders, blind fish, harvestman spiders, adelops, mites, myriapods, the blind denisons of the subterranean depths.

JESS (VOICE OVER)

Awful... They're blind.. All bind...

Logan holds the Gun out over the water. We see several FLASHES in the depths.

LOGAN

(grim)

Fish. We won't starve.

He wades gingerly into the pool. Waits. Stabs a hand into the water. He is splashed to the waist as he wades out holding the fish. Suddenly he freezes, stares at the fish.

JESS

(apprehensive)

What's wrong?

LOGAN

This fish has eyes!

He throws the fish aside, takes her hand. He wades into the water followed by the girl.

324. ANGLE - WATER

as their heads break the surface. Jess looks OFF, dazed with relief and hope.

JESS

The sun!

325. THEIR POV - A SPARK OF SUNLIGHT

far off down the tunnel.

326. EXT. STREAM - CAVE EXIT - DAY

as they emerge into the sunlight. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see they stand beside a clear mountain waterfall that spears its music into a deep gorge.

327. EXT. EYE OF CRAZY HORSE - DAY

CAMERA MOVES IN TO massive opening in eye of the great warrior. The pupil, a round hole. We see standing at its lower edge, Francis. He looks down at O.S. Logan. He raises a "binocular-type" device to his eyes. The device has only one oval screen instead of the two circular ports.

328. POV - OVAL SCREEN

a brush choked ravine as Logan emerges briefly at crest of hill, pauses, looking about for Jess.

329. ANGLE ON FRANCIS

smiles icily. Brings up Gun and aims it to bear on O.S. Logan.

330. ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN SIGHTS OF GUN

as the sights train on distant Logan. The gun barrel steadies. The CHARACTERISTIC SOUND of the Gun firing. A blaze of LIGHT as the Gun fires and the bright homer ZINGS off toward Logan.

SIMULTANEOUSLY from edge of FRAME a horde of flying figures ZOOM into SHOT. We will soon learn that these are pleasure gypsies mounted on "devilsticks."

The homer curves in its flight, HITS one of the gypsies. He goes up in a dazzle of color.

Reacting to the SOUND, Logan dives out of sight behind the hill crest.

331. EXT. GRASSY SLOPE - GYPSIES - JESS - LOGAN

A moving tide of devilsticks and their riders as they come down the slope toward CAMERA. Logan HEARS a WHOOSH of rocket heat as a figure mounted on a devilstick SWOOPS down toward him. (Devilstick: a form of airborne jet-powered cycle. It has a saddle, bars to guide it, with a chrome jato-housing at the end of its stick body) Logan scoops out the Gun and whirls. The devilstick hurtles in as he turns, striking his Gun hand to send the Gun spinning down the slope. Logan is knocked off balance, falls.

332. ANGLE - LOGAN

He shakes his head to clear it, tries to rise, reacts to:

333. HIS POV - FLAMING JET PODS, DEVILSTICKS

ringing him in. A furnace ROARING as the grass around him browns under the volcano heat from the jet housings.

GYPSY NO. ONE (FREDDY)

Sandfella Hey!

Logan freezes. Jess is driven by the hemming fire to his side.

334. ANGLE

The PLEASURE GYPSIES have dismounted from their machines and, steadying them like flamethrowers, hold Logan and Jess at bay. Six girls, six men. The men are dressed in kid-leather fringe, skin-silks, filligree and silverstitch. They are immaculate. Each is a beauty.

The women wear satins and brocades, glittermake, star-piled hair. There is a transparent quality in the clothing. Nails and lips are opalescent and striped with lapis lazuli. A sword-slim man dressed in immaculate white steps into the ring of fire. This is RUTAGO, king of the gypsies.

RUTAGO

If Sandfella tickles, giva he a fry.

Gypsy number one (FREDDY) has also moved forward to stand over the Gun which lies glowing in the grass.

Logan sees him.

335. ANGLE FEATURING LOGAN - FREDDY

Logan's face tightens as the gypsy bends to pick up the Gun. As the fingers touch the weapon it FLARES into intolerable brightness. The gypsy explodes backward to crumple in a scorched heap. The Gun remains glowing innocently in the grass.

Logan swings his head to the gypsy in white.

336. GROUP - FEATURING RUTAGO

He seems undisturbed by the death of his companion.

RUTAGO

Freddy said he'd die on red. We
don't pay no nevermind.

Logan keeps his eyes watchfully on Rutago, his right palm blinking. Rutago gestures imperiously.

RUTAGO

(to the others)

Sandfella blinker he!

Logan rises.

The circle parts and another figure steps into the circle. This is GRAYGIRL. She is gray-skinned, has silver hair, wears no makeup, dressed in simple skin-tight grays. She is starkly beautiful.

GRAYGIRL

(husky)

Give he Sandfella last day wild!

RUTAGO

Gotta more than Sandfella. Gotta
we a runnergirl.

Points to Jess's black flower. Rutago looks at the two measuringly. Looks at Graygirl. Comes to a decision.

RUTAGO

(continuing)

Tie fella, runnergirl, takeum on a
stickerlift.

337. ANGLE ON GUN

lying on ground as we hear the ROAR of the devilsticks and the CRY from a dozen throats:

(CONTINUED)

337. (CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S.)
Stickereeeeeeeeeee!

Trailing away.

CUT TO:

338. EXT. DEADWOOD - BIG DOG SALOON - DAY

Seated on the porch of the Big Dog is a gypsy. His heels are propped on the spur-scarred rail. Except for his clothing the scene could be lifted directly from a period western. His eyes open. He stands reacting to a distant CRY:

GYPSIES
Deesticker jay... lift me a day...
wanna me forever... on a peegee way...
(beat)
Deesticker jay... wild me away...
Me gotta never... kinda stickerlift
play...

Deesticker...
Deesticker...
AAAAAAAAAAAAzzzzzzzzzzzzzz...!

339. HIS POV - COWTOWN STREET

Boiling toward CAMERA in a cloud of dust come the gypsies mounted on low-flying devilsticks.

340. INT. RED-DOG SALOON - DAY

lavishly furnished in period style. Velvet couches, ivory chairs, green baize tables, tapestries and bead hangings. A long mahogany bar polished to a high luster. Above the bar a garish oil painting of a coy nude.

As the gypsies enter herding Logan and Jess before them. Logan's hands are tape-wired behind his back.

Rutago makes an entrance followed by Graygirl. He carries a saddlebag which he drops carelessly on the floor. Gypsy riches spill out. Jewelry, a mound of pendants and sprays, amethyst, topaz and garnet. Rutago plucks a ruby from the mound and begins to polish it on his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

340. (CONTINUED)

RUTAGO

(a smirk)

Like me a rubyrock. Took it from
a merchantman.

Meanwhile Graygirl has taken charge. She comes out from behind the bar carrying a small metal device. This is a first-aid kit. She goes to Logan.

GRAYGIRL

(brusk)

Sandfella turnabout.

Logan turns to expose his wounded back. The girl gentles away the torn shirt exposing the cruel wounds. Efficiently she places the metal device against the torn flesh, thumbs a switch. A HUM as the device functions. She begins to slowly move the device along a deep cut. Behind the device we see a trail of fresh, pink skin as the wound closes miraculously.

341. GROUP - FEATURING RUTAGO - JESS - LOGAN

Rutago begins to unscrew the jewel face of a ring he wears. He makes a signal to one of the gypsies who grabs Jess from behind. Rutago steps forward, tips the ring to her lips.

342. ANGLE ON LOGAN

He lunges for Rutago -- but, hands manacled, he is cut to his knees by a blow from one of the gypsies.

343. BACK TO SCENE

Rutago, smiling, forces Jess to choke down the contents. Then he releases her, steps back.

344. ANGLE ON LOGAN

He stands again, arms held -- as Rutago steps up to him and holds the now-empty ring to Logan's nostrils. Logan sniffs, jerks back his head.

LOGAN

(bitterly)

Hemochrone!

Rutago ignores him, begins to refit the facing of the ring.

RUTAGO

Sandfella must behave or runnergirl die. In an hour maybe two. Gotta earn the antidote.

345. TIGHT - LOGAN

A look of frustration. Unless he does as he's told he dooms the girl.

346. TIGHT - RUTAGO

A thin smile of triumph. He gives a signal.

347. ANGLE - FEATURING LOGAN

as one of the female gypsies unfastens the wiretape. He is free, but helpless. He looks at Jess. She is pale. Seems to have difficulty breathing.

JESS

(puzzled)

What is it?

LOGAN

Poison. Kills the red cells.
Without the antidote you'll suffocate.

(to Rutago)

How do I earn the antidote?

348. PANNING SHOT - THE FEMALE GYPSIES

look at CAMERA with unconcealed lust. Eyes are hot. Provocative. Their blue eyes, brown eyes, hazel eyes, green eyes, golden eyes, gray eyes -- radiating heat.

LOGAN (OVER)

And what happens to Jess?

349. TIGHT SHOT - RUTAGO

A lustful smirk.

GYPSY (VOICE OVER)

Rutago -- He a devil rider but
also he a loverman. After he the
rest of we. Runnergirl -- the
lucky one.

350. TIGHT JESS

draws back.

WHIP TO:

351. INT. BOUDOIR - NIGHT

A place of satin drapes and mirrors. Centered in room, a large circular bed. Logan concealed from view by a swarm of nude girls - (Note: Important. This single shot must be choreographed carefully to avoid awkwardness and minimize the risk of giving offense.)

GRAYGIRL'S VOICE (OVER)

Sandfella must be strong. Now we give you Everlove!

352. TIGHT - LOGAN'S BACK

A hand presses a syringe to the muscle and triggers spray. A Hiss.

353. TIGHT - GRAYGIRL'S FACE

flushed. Feverish. Her eyes shudder closed. She moans.

GRAYGIRL

(husky whisper)

Wild me, Sandfella, bedabye me!

354. TIGHT - GOLDEN-EYED FEMALE GYPSY

whips her head from side to side. Gasps. Shudders.

355. TIGHT - BLUE-EYED GIRL

Variation on above.

356. TIGHT - HAZEL-EYED GIRL

See above.

357. TIGHT - BROWN-EYED GIRL

See above.

358. TIGHT - GREEN-EYED GIRL

See above.

359. CLOSE LOGAN

very tired.

WHIP TO:

360. INT. RUTAGO'S BEDROOM

The floor is littered with jewels. A wild scatter of costume jewelry. Pendants, sprays, brooches.

CAMERA PANS across floor to bed.

361. CLOSE ON JESS'S FACE

It is wood.

362. TIGHT RUTAGO'S HAND

stroking her skin.

363. HER FACE

wooden.

364. HIS HANDS

caressing.

365. HER FACE

wooden.

366. TIGHT - RUTAGO'S FACE

A rage!

RUTAGO
(a scathing curse-
word; contemptuous)

Virgin!

MATCH CUT:

367. RUTAGO'S FACE

RUTAGO
(a beat)
Antidote, no!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal:

368. INT. SALOON - LOGAN - JESS - GYPSIES
at bar.

LOGAN
We both did what you wanted.
Keep your promise.

RUTAGO
(smiles savagely)
Cheated by a runnergirl. Didn't
try hard enough. Now we try
another lift.

369. ANGLE ON RUTAGO

He looks at the others questioningly, inviting suggestions.

370. ANGLE - GYPSY GIRL

GYPSY GIRL
Pull a tooth of runnergirl. Maybe
pulla fingernail.

371. ANGLE FEATURING RUTAGO - LOGAN

Rutago takes a small jeweled knife from belt, throws it
into the floor at Logan's feet.

RUTAGO
Gotta take an ounce of flesh,
anywhere on runnergirl.

372. TIGHT - JESS

comprehending. A look of fear. She shakes her head
looking at:

373. LOGAN

grim. He looks at:

374. RUTAGO

a cruel smile.

375. ANGLE - FEATURING LOGAN

He nods.

Hands pick up Jess, spread her on the bar. Logan picks up
the knife moves to her.

375. (CONTINUED)

JESS
(pleading)

No.....

Logan avoids looking at her eyes.

376. TIGHT - LOGAN - JESS

as he places a hand on her thigh, tears away the thin fabric. He poises the small knife over the flesh of her leg.

377. TIGHT - HIS HAND

as his thumb searches, finds a spot, jabs deep into her leg. Jess MOANS.

378. TIGHT - RUTAGO

sees the action. Eyes narrow.

379. TIGHT - LOGAN'S FACE

as he uses the knife, quickly, efficiently.

380. TIGHT - JESS'S FACE

Eyes closed. Sweating. Pale.

381. ANGLE - LOGAN - RUTAGO - JESS IN B.G.

as she weakly rises, anguish stamped into her features.
Logan faces Rutago.

LOGAN
Where's the antidote?

RUTAGO
(sullen)
Sandfella badfella. Badfella cheat.
Antidote, no!

382. CLOSE ON LOGAN

His face is fury-filled.

LOGAN
Enough!

383. GROUP SHOT

as Logan sweeps an arm around Graygirl, drops to one knee and bows her across it, face-up.

LOGAN
(savagely)
Give her the antidote -- or I break
this bitch's back!

Graygirl GASPS in agony, eyes bulged, mouth twisted. Her beauty is gone, replaced with pain.

GRAYGIRL
(agony)
He ... he lied ... no antidote ...

384. TIGHT LOGAN

shocked.

385. FULL SHOT

Logan still holding Graygirl bowed across his knee, motions to Jess.

LOGAN
Take a stick. Ride for the Gun.

Jess obeys him; she staggers away from Rutago, limping to the door, pauses a moment, then EXITS.

386. ANGLE FEATURING LOGAN

as he straightens, twisting Graygirl's arm behind her back. He begins his own retreat, taking her with him. Rutago dives for him. Logan flings Graygirl into the Gypsy's path. The others surge forward as Logan pivots and hurls himself through a saloon window in a shower of glass.

387. ANGLE AT DOOR

It bursts open - and a dark figure appears, Gun at the ready: Francis.

388. FRANCIS - GYPSIES

as Francis attempts to reach the window to fire on Logan he is hit by a swarm of gypsy bodies. We see him blitz through the pack, using his skills to maximum. The gypsies are no match for this fighting machine. Rutago falls under a chopping blow as we:

389. EXT. CANYON AREA - DAKOTA MOUNTAINS - JESS

She clings weakly to the devilstick as it weaves irratically between the sheer canyon walls.

390. CLOSER ANGLE

The machine veers too close to the stone wall, scrapes, a shower of sparks and a ragged trail of smoke begins to seep from the jato-housing.

391. JESS

clinging to the machine almost unconscious. Blinks her eyes. Her vision is bleary, uncertain.

392. EXT. MOUNTAINOUS AREA

Logan plunges into SHOT. Stops to breathe heavily. PANTING.

He looks up.

393. HIS POV

A ragged trail of smoke across the sky.

394. ANGLE - LOGAN

orients himself and moves off quickly following the smoke trail.

395. EXT. NURSERY PLAYGROUND - DAY

A large concrete play area equipped with teeterswings, huge spotted plaster animals, dragons, etc. Beyond a huge industrial building looms. In CAMERA F.G. we see the crashed devilstick. Beside it, unconscious, is Jess.

396. CLOSER ANGLE

Jess stirs, moans. SOFT FOOTSTEPS as seven TINY MOPPETS in pink playrompers enter SCENE to gather around her. They peer at her solemnly.

FIRST MOPPET

Ohhhhhhhhhh!

(CONTINUED)

396. (CONTINUED)

SECOND MOPPET

Pret--ty, pret--ty.

Jess MOANS again, a sound of pain. The children draw back momentarily, then edge forward to bend over her. They touch her hair, lips, the long lashes of her closed eyes.

FIRST MOPPET

What is it?

SECOND MOPPET

It's a people! Ohhh... so big.

One of the children takes Jess's lax hand. Begins to tug on it.

THIRD MOPPET

People tired.

The others cluck together. Deciding Jess should be in a crib. They tug and lift her.

CUT TO:

397. INT. NURSERY - DORMITORY - JESS - DAY

on her side in a small crib, knees tucked under her chin. Above the crib: a small screen equipped with colored lights. An electronic hospital chart, recording heart, pulse, lungs, etc. The pulse light flickers... a Hiss as a hypo lowers to contact her body. At the injection, the pulse light begins to beat stronger. She sleeps. Around her, the moppets, bright eyes solemn and watchful.

CUT TO:

398. EXT. NURSERY FENCE - LOGAN - DAY

Attached to the fence is a large SIGN: It reads:

DAKOTA STATES
INDUSTRIAL NURSERY - UNIT K

Beneath the sign Logan goes through his pockets. We see the drugpad he took from Charming Billy in Cathedral. He repockets the pad, looks around.

In a tangle of grass he finds a club-sized length of tree limb. He tucks the length of wood into his belt and begins to climb the cyclone fence. Near the top he pauses, clinging to the wire with fingers and toes.

399. TIGHTER - TOP OF FENCE

Logan looks suspiciously at the top of the fence. The posts extend above the wire. Something, almost invisible has been strung between the posts. A spiderweb strand of micro wire.

Steadying himself with one hand, Logan takes out the club of wood. He poises it above the micro wire and strikes downward. As the wire makes contact with the club it slices the dense wood like butter. The head of the club spins out onto the playground below. Logan looks at the remaining piece of wood. It has been cleanly cut through. Logan tosses the wood aside, looks up at the fence, perplexed. How will he get over it?

400. ANGLE

Logan clings, moves his feet as high as possible. Now, with an agile, gymnast's twist he flips his body upward, releases his hold and sails out over the fence. With the grace of a pole-vaulter he clears the micro wire and lands on the pavement below. He hits and rolls. He comes to his feet rubbing a bruised arm. He looks about, starts over the concrete plain between the plaster animals.

401. ANGLE - CRASHED DEVILSTICK - LOGAN

as he kneels to examine the devilstick. He sees a smear of blood on the body of the machine, touches it. He sweeps the area with his eyes, spots another splash of blood several feet from the machine. He looks off in the direction indicated. CAMERA TILTS so that we see the huge hulking mass of the nursery building.

402. ANGLE AT WINDOW

as Logan ENTERS SHOT from BOTTOM OF FRAME climbing the building toward the window. His fingers seek the small ledge projections of the building face. He reaches the window, hits it lightly with the heel of his hand. It is locked. He looks for another window, sees one, begins to spider along the narrow ledge.

403. INT. NURSERY PLAYROOM - DAY

as the window levers open and Logan's head appears. He snakes through the window, drops to the floor.

Logan has dislodged a vibroball as he entered, and now the bright ball bounces off walls and ceiling, in dazzling color patterns around the room -- until Logan catches it and stows it away on a shelf.

(CONTINUED)

403. (CONTINUED)

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show us the full playroom, ranked with child-sized "talk puppets" along the walls, with boxed vibroballs, and other assorted futuristic toys. Logan is alone in the room. Now, as he turns back to the door, his elbow brushes one of the puppets, activating a stud on its shoulder. The girl puppet comes to life.

PUPPET

(smiling)

Hello there! I'm Penny 10. My girl's name is Susan.

(beat)

I am her best friend and she loves me very

Logan snaps the off stud and the puppet falls back into a loose sprawl against the wall.

Logan freezes, listening to O.S. SOUNDS of nursery. He moves stealthily to the door.

404. INT. CORRIDOR - NURSERY - DAY

as Logan moves carefully along the corridor. The walls are painted with bright, gay animals, flower shapes in the idiom of children's art. Primary colors. Simple crude shapes. The doors that line the corridor are shaped like flowers with daisy petals. They have camera-like shutters that iris to open and close.

405. ANGLE AT DOOR

as Logan operates a handle set in the wall to activate a door shutter. It opens enough to provide a peephole into the room. Logan peers inside.

406. HIS POV - CHILDREN'S CLASSROOM

Dozens of children lie on small plastic mats apparently sleeping. From tiny earphones wires lead into floor receptacles. We HEAR O.S. DRONE of many faint VOICES (ELECTRONIC) reciting: "A squared plus B squared equals C squared." "The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two adjacent sides." "If A is equal to B and B is equal to C then A is equal to C."

407. INT. CORRIDOR - LOGAN

quietly closes the peephole and moves on. As he rounds a corner he sees a "teacher" approaching. He ducks back out of sight. He looks for a place to hide. He moves to the

(CONTINUED)

407. (CONTINUED)

nearest door, iris's it open and ducks inside. The door closes as the "Teacher" ENTERS SCENE. She is a Robot shaped like a gaily colored easter egg. At her midriff a ring of octopus-like tentacles. Clinging trustingly to the "arms" are a trio of small toddlers who are led through SCENE down corridor.

408. INT. FLOWER ROOM - HOURGLASS - LOGAN - DAY

Logan crouches behind a bulking piece of equipment watching the following:

This is the room in which a new-born babe is given the palm flower. A couple of infants lie in bassinet shaped cradles on a moving conveyor belt. The belt moves beneath a huge machine, hour-glass shaped. The hourglass is full of phosphorescent flower crystals. As the baby is moved into position its arm is raised by metallic clamps to the underside of the machine. (we see the palm is bare) A SPARKLING EFFECT, a bright shower of gold as the machine implants the time crystal. The baby is conveyed forward and we see a TINY YELLOW FLOWER glowing in the infant's palm.

409. ANGLE IN CORRIDOR

Logan moves down corridor looking for Jess.

410. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Logan suddenly stops, reacting to:

411. ANGLE - TINY CHILD

looking solemnly up at Logan, thumb in mouth.

412. TWO SHOT - LOGAN - CHILD

confronting each other.

LOGAN
(crouches to child
level)

Shhhhh. Have you seen a lovely
lady?

(CONTINUED)

412. (CONTINUED)

CHILD
(solemn)
Love.... lady....

The child points at a nearby door.

Logan moves to the door, opens it, ENTERS.

413. INT. LOVEROOM - DAY

as Logan watches the door iris closes. He goes rigid,
reacting to:

ROOM VOICE
(warm with gentle
love)
My own... my precious.

Logan whirls, eyes wide. Tries to back toward door.

414. HIS POV - LOVEROOM

Padded floors, ceiling, walls in overstuffed, fuzzy pink cushioning material. SUPERIMPOSED OVER this IMAGE we see a hypnotic SWIRL of TECHNICOLORED FOG. In the center of the SWIRL, growing larger, a FACE. It is the face of a loving madonna, gentle. It MOVES CLOSER as SCENE PROGRESSES until it FILLS SCREEN.

ROOM VOICE
(loving)
My little one... my sweet. There,
there... there... Mother loves you.

415. TIGHT - LOGAN'S FACE

for the first time, a look of indecision. A wavering.

ROOM VOICE
(tender)
My dove... my darling... My
precious love.

LOGAN
(weakly)
No. I can't stay here..... I've
got to....

416. LOGAN'S POV

A swirl of glowing fog and a face filling his mind. This is his mother! The only mother he has ever known. He was raised in such a Loveroom and is helpless against this basic appeal to the days of his infancy.

ROOM VOICE
(tender concern)
Mother loves you... loves you...
loves you.... rest my darling.

LOGAN'S VOICE
Got to....

ROOM VOICE
(sweet, loving)
... rest...

417. ANGLE - LOGAN - LOOKING DOWN

Logan has slipped to the soft fuzzy floor and now lies in a sea of pink. He thrashes from side to side trying to resist the insidious loving voice.

ROOM VOICE
Rest, my darling. Rest... rest...

LOGAN
(weak, slurring)
No... no... got to...

ROOM VOICE
Rest.....

CAMERA MOVES IN ON LOGAN as his struggles subside. He is on his side. Slowly his knees climb toward his chest as he assumes a foetal position. His fists go to his mouth.

LOGAN
Got to...

ROOM VOICE
(wonderfully warm,
concerned)
Rest..... Close your eyes, and...

LOGAN
(a whisper, eyes
closed)
Rest...

His thumb goes in his mouth. He is a peacefully sleeping infant, bedwarm and content.

(CONTINUED)

417. (CONTINUED)

and:

We HOLD for a long moment. Suddenly. ALARM BELLS BEGIN TO HAMMER, HOOTS, WHISTLES. Logan does not stir.

CUT TO:

418. INT. CRIBROOM - JESS - DAY

as she sits up into CLOSEUP. Her face is shocked and frightened.

419. ANGLE - AUTOGOVERNESS

A matronly Robot looking down at her in crib. The machine's eyes GLOW weirdly. Part of the DIN OF ALARM is coming from the autogoverness. The machine moves in, "arms" extended.

420. ANGLE

as Jess evades the clutching arms, squirms out of the crib, runs for the door.

421. INT. LOVEROOM

as Logan squirms, awakens. The room is now brightly lit. He comes to his feet, reacting to ALARM DIN, sprints for the door.

422. INT. CORRIDOR - LOGAN

raising his head to an O.S. CRY:

JESS'S VOICE (O.S.)

Logan!

CAMERA PICKS HER UP running toward him along the corridor.

423. SERIES OF SHOTS

thru

425.

As they run: trams and moveways freeze. Doors bolt themselves. Barriers spring up through slotted floors, sealing off various sections of the Nursery. An Autogoverness rolls at them and Logan disables it with a blow.

They slide under a descending barrier, whip through a door, clatter down a stairway toward a massive slide panel closing off the building entrance. They barely clear the narrow opening as the massive slide door CLANGS shut.

CUT TO:

426. EXT. ANGLE ON PLAYGROUND - DAY

as Logan and Jess right the battered devilstick and thumb the jato to coughing life.

JESS

Will it carry us?

He ignores the question as they mount the stick.

LOGAN

Back for the Gun.

The stick WHINES, blasting RAGGED FIRE as they barely clear the cyclone fence going away. Smoke trail hangs in the air behind them.

CUT TO:

427. INT. MAZECAR - FRANCIS

His face is tight as he gives the travel command.

FRANCIS

Washington D.C.

The WHINE as the car departs leaving SCREEN DARK.

CUT TO:

428. INT. MAZECAR

Seated, Gun in hand, Logan gives the travel command.

CAR (METALLIC VOICE)

Destination?

LOGAN

Washington, D.C.

429. MAZE PLATFORM

CAMERA HOLDS on platform as the mazecar vanishes away down the long stretch of tunnel.

CUT TO:

430. INT. MAZECAR - LOGAN - JESS

The car is bulleting along, pressing them back into the padded seats. It begins to slow. EFFECT: rushing lights pass by outside with less rapidity.

(CONTINUED)

430. (CONTINUED)

CAR (METALLIC VOICE)
Barrier, 50 miles ahead.

Slower.

CAR (METALLIC VOICE)
(continuing)
Barrier, 25 miles ahead.

Slower.

CAR (METALLIC VOICE)
(continuing)
Barrier, five miles ahead.

Slows to a stop.

CAR (METALLIC VOICE)
(continuing)
Barrier reached. Am not authorized
to proceed further ...

Door slides open and Logan and Jess exit the machine.

431. INT. STANTON SQUARE PLATFORM - WASHINGTON - DAY

Half of the platform is blocked by a cave-in, which has layered the area with a coating of dirt and silt. Sign above reads:

STANTON SQUARE
WASHINGTON D.C.

432. ANGLE - LOOKING UP THE STAIRS - JESS - LOGAN - DAY

Clearly defined in the dust of the weed-choked stairs are a fresh set of footsteps leading up. Logan pulls Jess back, a finger to his lips, hushing her.

LOGAN
Francis. He's waiting for us.

Jess is frightened. She looks fearfully at Logan. He eases the Gun into his hand, motions her to wait here, starts up the steps on silent feet. He pauses half way up to listen. DIMLY WE HEAR O.S. SOUNDS OF JUNGLE. He moves on.

433. ANGLE AT ENTRANCE

as Logan erupts from the mouth of the entrance to take cover behind a rotted tree log. A canopy of jungle trees shutting out the sky. He is in the midst of a primeval tropical rainforest jungle. Vines, creepers, sword grass, a choking riot of growth.

SOUNDS: The chatter of monkeys, macaws, beasts and birds, etc.

Cautiously raises his head. Nothing. He gathers himself, dives and rolls into a tangle of shrubbery. No response from the jungle. He cautiously emerges Gun ready in hand. A frown. Where is Francis? He moves back to the entrance, motions Jess to join him.

JESS

(awe)

It's all jungle ... how?

LOGAN

The Little War. Vest pocket bomb.
The heat is still leeching out.

434. ANGLE - LOGAN - JESS - DAY

moving cautiously through jungle. Mosquitoes swarm angrily. Gnats. They slap at the stinging insects. It is evening, light is beginning to redden and fade. They look off at:

435. POV - CAPITOL DOME

seen through the tangled jungle: the golden dome of the Capitol canted at an odd angle above the trees.

436. ANGLE - NEAR CAPITOL DOME - LOGAN - JESS

From this angle we can see the Capitol is a ruin. Only part of the dome remains. A giant Banyan has shot out root systems beneath the dome and now the interior of the Capitol is a lush confusion of green. Logan and Jess peer up into the tree. High in the branches we see the oiled glide of a giant Anaconda snake. Jess draws back.

JESS

Ballard isn't here. He can't be.
There's no place that's safe.
Everywhere we go there's something
waiting to kill us.

437. ANGLE - RUINS

entablatures and architraves of Indiana limestone emerging in ruined splendor from tropical growth. Underfoot, part of a wide stairway broken and split. Logan and Jess ENTER SCENE. They suddenly react to: SOUND: The loud, rattling, belching, hollow, infinitely evil growl of a Bengal tiger.

LOGAN

Cat! Big one.

He and Jess start off away from the sound of the cat. The SOUND of growling. Closer.

They begin to move faster.

438. MOVING SHOT - JUNGLE GROWTH - LOGAN - JESS - DAY

The light is almost gone. The sky is a rich dark red. Rain begins to FALL. Again, SOUND of tiger VERY CLOSE. They are drenched, sopping, as they push through the wet yellow pampas grass. Logan pauses, wipes rain out of his eyes, peers.

JESS

What is it?

LOGAN

(pointing; triumph)

Up there. A light!

439. THEIR POV

A flicker of light behind a window in the dark mass of the Library of Congress.

440. ANGLE ON JESS - LOGAN

moving rapidly through the grass toward the Library of Congress.

441. ANGLE ON CAT

as it stalks them, its yellow-gold body moving through the wet grass.

442. FULL SHOT - CAPITOL HILL

as Logan and Jess emerge from the grass in F.G. and mount the crumbling sidewalk leading to the Library. The cat follows, padding from the drenched grass, GROWLING in hate.

(CONTINUED)

442. (CONTINUED)

Jess is scrambling up the steps of the Library as the cat cuts her off, going for her. Logan SHOUTS. The tiger is diverted, charges him as Jess continues on to the top of the steps. Logan fires the Gun -- and a tangler charge catches the beast in mid-leap, webbing the great head and chest in a shiny cocoon of steel filament.

443. ANGLE - LOGAN - TIGER

The cat smashes into Logan, knocking him down. The Gun flies from his hand as his head strikes the wall, stunning him.

The tiger SCREAMING, claws at the mesh which chokes it. One front claw is free. It scores the stone inches from Logan. He is caught in an angle of wall, the tiger just in front of him. Dazed, he tries to inch back, away from the killing claw.

444. ANGLE ON JESS

She is terrified, helpless. She suddenly looks up, reacting to:

445. FEATURING BALLARD

A figure in dark blues has stepped out from the Library entrance. His lined face holds a double lifetime; his hair is streaked with gray. He is a legend, a night-myth come alive. ZOOM into FACE CLOSEUP.

JESS'S VOICE (OVER)
(great awe)

Ballard!

(a beat)

Kill it! Use the arrow!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT as Ballard steps forward, a long hunting bow in his hands. A steel arrow is notched into the bow. He does not reply. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. He moves to the fallen Gun, kicks it over the edge of the steps into the grass.

Convulsively, the cat ceases to struggle, choked by the steel webbing. Its body settles over Logan's leg, is still. Logan pulls free of the cat's weight, staggers to his feet.

Ballard swings up the bow, to cover him.

(CONTINUED)

445. (CONTINUED)

JESS
Don't. He's a runner...

BALLARD
He's also Logan 3 from DS.

Jess moves pleadingly toward Ballard, stepping between Ballard and Logan.

JESS
Please... listen --

446. ANGLE ON LOGAN

He goes into action. Taking advantage of the human shield, he dives into the interior of the Library before Ballard can loose the arrow.

447. INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - DAY

In the gloomed semi-darkness Logan flattens himself as an arrow sings over him. He plows forward, between tumbled stacks of books. A second arrow buries itself in the wood next to his head.

448. LOGAN - FROM ABOVE

as he runs deeper into the massive building. Volumes of all sizes are piled on floor and tables. A rat scuttles away from him from an upended tangle of shelving.

He finds a heavy book, throws it, ducks behind a metal case.

He is sweating. He fumbles through his clothing, finds the Muscle pad he took with him when he left Cathedral. Brings out the pad, looks at it, speculatively.

449. TIGHT - LOGAN

With no choice, he smashes it against the floor, brings it up and inhales. EFFECT: Logan dazzles into a blur of color.

450. ANGLE ON BALLARD

The hunter moves in lazy slow motion. He looses an arrow and it glides toward its target. We watch it slide smoothly into the spine of a thick book. He reaches slowly for another arrow.

(CONTINUED)

450. (CONTINUED)

Logan, moving swiftly, ENTERS SHOT. He is shaken by internal agonies as he leaps forward to whip the bow out of Ballard's hands. Smashes it.

451. EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

as Logan whips past Jess, frozen in slow motion. He dives for the Gun below in the rain-wet grass.

452. BACK TO JESS - IN SLOW MOTION

She turns in wonder to Ballard as the older man comes out of the building.

JESS (EFFECT - SLOWED SOUND)
Looooo... gaaa... nnnn...

453. ANGLE ON LOGAN

We see him shimmer into solid form. He covers Ballard with the Gun.

454. ANGLE ON JESS

She looks confused.

JESS
(pleading;
continues)
... Convince him. Tell Ballard
you're a runner.

455. FULL SHOT - GROUP

Logan's face is tight.

LOGAN
(cold, alien)
But ... I'm not.
(a beat)
He was right in trying to kill me.

456. TIGHT - JESS

The warmth drains from her face.

457. BACK TO SCENE

Logan holds the Gun steady, looking at the red flower glowing in Ballard's palm. Ballard sees the look. Holds up the flower.

LOGAN

How?

(beat)

The flower is tamper-proof.

BALLARD

I'm a statistical freak. When I was born something went wrong in the Nursery. The crystal in my hand was imperfect. The first three stages were normal, but at 21 my flower stayed red.

(a beat)

I lived while others died.

LOGAN

Until now ...

(a beat)

I must kill you, Ballard.

Jess looks pleadingly at him.

Logan cannot meet her eyes. He turns to shout out into the tangle of green jungle.

LOGAN

(shouting)

Francis! Francis! Over here.

BALLARD

(calmly; to Jess)

He's a DS man. It's his life. What he was trained for ...

(a beat)

He can kill us, but he can never find the others ... the runners in Sanctuary.

JESS

There really is a place ...

BALLARD

There is.

Logan, standing at the edge of the steps, still scanning the jungle, shouts again.

LOGAN

Francis!

(CONTINUED)

457. (CONTINUED)

He waits. No reply. He walks back to the seated pair.

LOGAN

(continuing)

I can do it alone.

He raises the Gun.

LOGAN

(continuing)

Goodbye, Jess...

458. CLOSE ON LOGAN

He cannot fire. His hand refuses to obey him. His face is gray, sweating, tortured.

459. TIGHT - JESS

Terror replaced by a look of growing puzzlement.

460. TIGHT - LOGAN

fighting to pull trigger, face gray, hand trembling.

461. TIGHT - BALLARD

sees Logan's internal struggle.

462. TIGHT - LOGAN

tortured, sweating. He MOANS, slumps against wall of building.

463. FULL SHOT - GROUP

Ballard moves warily -- moves to Logan.

JESS

I knew he couldn't do it. You can trust him now.

She crosses to Ballard.

BALLARD

(eyeing Logan)

No.

(CONTINUED)

463. (CONTINUED)

JESS

But why?

Logan's head is down. He mumbles incoherently in B.G., holding Gun loosely.

BALLARD

Half of him wants to run, escape, live. The other half wants to destroy us, to crush Sanctuary -- and justify his existence.

(a beat)

We can't take a chance on which half will win.

JESS

I can't leave him now.

BALLARD

(firmly)

The final stage is Cape Steinbeck. There's a mazecar waiting below the Hill. Take it. I'll deal with Logan.

Ballard turns away from her, bends to pick up the hunting bow. Jess, in despair, scoops up a heavy chunk of stone rubble, smashes it against his head. Ballard falls INTO CAMERA.

CUT TO:

464. INT. MAZECAR - NIGHT

THRUMMING along. Jess and Logan are pressed into the same seat.

JESS

(comforting)

No one can stop us now. A few minutes more ... Logan. It's all right. Everything's all right.

Logan doesn't respond.

JESS

(continuing; trying to reach him)

You don't have to fight yourself any longer. You're free now.

(a beat)

I love you Logan. Do you hear?
I love you.

(CONTINUED)

464. (CONTINUED)

Something stirs in Logan's eyes. Slowly he raises his BLINKING palm to look at the flower. Abruptly the BLINKING stops. The flower is black!

SIMULTANEOUSLY we hear: a HIGH, KEENING ALARM SCREAM.
It is coming from the Gun!

465. TIGHT - LOGAN'S FACE

He blinks, stirs.

LOGAN
(trancelike)

Gun....

His eyes focus, comprehend. He surges up.

LOGAN
(harder)
Wild Gun!

466. TWO SHOT - JESS - LOGAN

JESS
What does it mean?

QUICK CUT TO:

467. INT. DS HQ. - ANGLE ON BOARD - DAY

The SCREAM - ALARM from previous SCENE carries over into this SHOT. The whole board is ABLAZE with LIGHT. We see the dispatcher look at the light with wild eyes. We see several DS men in black move swiftly from the room.

468. ANOTHER HQ. - ANOTHER BOARD - NIGHT

ALARM. As DS men rise and EXIT ROOM.

469. INT. MAZECAR - LOGAN - JESS

as in previous scene. FEATURING LOGAN

LOGAN
It means a Gun in the hands of a
runner!

(CONTINUED)

469. (CONTINUED)

He punches a red panel in the wall above the seat. It
BLINKS as the car slows, stops. The hatch opens.

LOGAN
(continuing; harsh)

Out!

470. EXT. MAZE PLATFORM

as Logan and Jess scramble from the car. Citizens scatter
as they emerge. Logan looks about, undecided. The GUN
ALARM continues to SCREAM. The sound is deafening. Logan
sees:

471. ANOTHER ANGLE - LOGAN'S POV - DISTORTING LENS

A black tunic moving toward them. The man pauses, sees
them. His Gun comes up. Centers.

472. FULL SHOT - PLATFORM

Logan on one side with Jess. The DS man on the other as
the DS man fires. A blaze of LIGHT leaps from the muzzle
of the Gun. FREEZE FRAME. The bullet, a blur in mid-air
between them.

SAWYER'S VOICE OVER (FROM OPENING
You can't get away from a SCENE)
Homer!

Homer!...!

Homer.....!

473. UNFREEZE FRAME

as Logan's Gun fires! Two lances of light burn swiftly
toward each other, mating in demolition! An earthshaking
EXPLOSION. The floor trembles, dust sifts down from above.
The DS man is chopped, spilled. Logan and Jess tumble to
the floor.

Before the tremors die, Logan is up, pulling Jess after
him. A car SOCKS into the Slot.

CAR
(imperturbable)
Destination?

1

(CONTINUED)

473. (CONTINUED)

LOGAN
Omaha, Nebraska!

He lifts the Gun, gives it a final look. The ALARM still SCREAMS. He tosses the Gun into the mazecar. The doors close. The car is gone. We hear the ALARM vanish away into distance. Gone. Logan summons another car. It SLIDES INTO SLOT. He and Jess dive into the car.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(hysterical)
Stop! Runners!!

The door slides closed. A RIPPER SCORES the DOOR of the CAR as the car BLAZES out of SHOT.

474. INT. CAR - DAY

Jess looks at Logan. Dismay.

JESS
We're finished aren't we?

Logan doesn't reply. She looks at his tight face.

JESS
What are you thinking?

LOGAN
(grimly)
Steel city. No people there.
A chance.

CUT TO:

475. MAZE PLATFORM - STEEL CITY - DAY

We see a mazecar SLOT in. Its hatch opens and Logan and Jess emerge -- to a killing DIN of SOUNDS: of hoists and winches, conveyors, gearing, punch presses, stamping machines, benders, lathes ... The area is draped in a black, gummy haze of oiled smoke.

On the platform we see a sign: STEEL CITY - Restricted Area.

476. ANGLE ON LOGAN AND JESS

as they move out onto the grimed platform. Logan cups a hand to the girl's ear, shouting:

(CONTINUED)

476. (CONTINUED)

LOGAN
(barely audible)

Blouse!

She shakes her head, not understanding.

He rips off his shirt, wads it, places it against his face. She nods, takes off her blouse, jams it to her nose and mouth to cloak the fumes.

Jess tugs his arm; he turns.

477. THEIR POV

another car SLOTTING in. Hatch opens: Sandman! (Note: it is important that the audience believes this man is Francis, same build, stance, etc.)

478. ANGLE ON LOGAN AND JESS

He moves to the SCANNER SCREEN above the call box, smashes it, then pulls Jess back into the thick curtain of smoke. They crouch by a laboring machine, watching the Sandman.

479. ANGLE ON SANDMAN

all in black, with a filter mask below his slitted eye-helmet. He has his Gun out, begins to advance. We see that he is checking the floor of the platform, following the clear trail of the couple's footprints.

480. BACK TO LOGAN - JESS

He presses her back, gestures for her to wait, tosses away his shirt, stands.

481. CLOSE ON SANDMAN

The black head snaps up. He's seen Logan.

482. FULL SHOT

as Logan takes off through the smoke, the DS man sprinting after him.

They run. Past machines, belts, trams. The SOUND is deafening: the pound and clash of a million machines.

483. MOVING SHOT - LOGAN

He runs, sweating and shirtless, through the blaze and spark. Darts between a stamper and a moving hoist, grabs an overhead conveyor, swings up to a catwalk, begins to run along it.

484. HIS POV

only smoke and grayness. The Sandman is not in sight.

485. BACK TO LOGAN

Quickly he scans the area, moves to a tool area, grabs a metal wrench, removes three large nuts from the face of a tramcart. He strips off a length of flexible cable, ties the three nuts together -- into an improvised bolas.

Logan looks up.

486. HIS POV

The Sandman riding toward him on a slowly-moving belt. The DS man is sweeping the area with his Gun, unsure of Logan's location.

487. BACK TO LOGAN

as he swings onto another moving belt (going toward the DS man's belt). Logan crouches behind a giant packing case as the two belts converge.

488. FULL SHOT - THE TWO BELTS OVERHEAD - LOGAN AND THE DS MAN

as they move closer to one another, the DS man still scanning the area. At the point where the Sandman is almost directly across from him Logan suddenly rises and begins to whirl the bolas.

489. ANGLE ON LOGAN

whirling the weapon, letting it fly.

490. ANGLE ON SANDMAN

surprised, caught by the weighted cable and wrapped by it. The Gun falls out of his hand to a smaller belt moving just below the one he is using. He shakes loose the cable, reaches down, clawing for the Gun.

(CONTINUED)

490. (CONTINUED)

His fingers close on the weapon, but he tips, falls onto the lower belt. He brings up the Gun. Too late. The second belt holds death. It sucks him under a grind of cogs, into the maw of the machine before he can fire. In the DIN of SOUND he SCREAMS. But we do NOT hear him.

CUT TO:

491. EXT. CAPE STEINBECK - DUSK

The light is dying as Logan and Jess emerge onto the vast concrete apron of Cape Steinbeck: warehouses and storage sheds.

492. ANGLE AT GATE

as Logan pushes the gate open and goes through with Jess. A sign: CAPE STEINBECK -- FLORIDA KEYS -- SPACE STORAGE CENTER -- Security area. Keep out! U. S. Government. The sign is bent, part of the paint has flaked off.

Logan and Jess start off across the concrete toward the loom of warehouse storage facilities in B.G.

VOICE (BOOMING - AMPLIFIED; O.S.)
(urgent, harsh)

Halt! This area is pin-mined!

They react to a SOUND: A HYDRAULIC HISS.

493. ANGLE - PAVEMENT

as a narrow section of concrete lifts above the apron to form a pathway across the pavement.

494. ANGLE - LOGAN - JESS

as they step onto the raised path and start across the minefield. A man detaches himself from a nearby warehouse door and comes to meet them as they arrive at the end of the raised path. Hardness is stamped into his features. He wastes no time, waves them forward.

495. EXT. ROCKET LAUNCH AREA - NIGHT

as the three emerge from behind a tall warehouse. Logan and Jess look off, reacting to:

496. THEIR POV

the rocket, a tall, silver, needle aimed at the sky. It steams, obviously ready for flight.

497. ANGLE AT ROCKET

A hatch slides open near the top of the gantry. Logan and Jess start up the ladder.

MAN

Hurry ... You've only a few minutes.

498. TIGHT ON JESS

climbing. She hesitates, looking back. Her eyes go wide.

499. POV SHOT - THE FIELD - FRANCIS

walking toward the rocket, across the flat expanse of the takeoff area: a dark-suited Sandman. The dying light of the sun glints from his raised helmet.

LOGAN'S VOICE (OVER)

(a moan)

Francis ...

We hear the voice of the countdown.

AMPLIFIED VOICE (OVER)

Launch minus 60 ...

500. TWO SHOT - LOGAN - JESS ON BOARDING LADDER

He draws in a ragged breath, pushes Jess upward. She shakes her head, starts to protest.

LOGAN

(voice hard)

Go ... Jess... I love you... live for both of us.

JESS

No... Logan... I can't ...

The upper port opens and we see Jess pulled inside. Logan starts back down the ladder.

CUT TO:

501 FIELD - OVERHEAD SHOT - LOGAN - FRANCIS

We see the two figures moving toward one another over the flat ground, the rocket looming and ready behind Logan.

502. ANGLE ON LOGAN

as he walks, fighting exhaustion, weaving, eyes fixed on the advancing figure ahead of him.

503. ANGLE ON FRANCIS

He stops, adopts the same killing stance as the Sandman in teaser, hands down, feet braced.

504. TIGHT ON LOGAN

He blinks rapidly as EFFECT: a tide of black water seeps into EDGE OF FRAME to cloak his vision.

505. LOGAN'S POV - FRANCIS

The black water ripples over the standing figure. Through this darkness we see Francis unsnap his holster. The Gun's GLOW spills out. Francis brings up the Gun, GLOWING through the haze of water.

As the Gun comes up we hear Logan's voice over -- and his voice continues to talk as the Gun is aimed directly INTO CAMERA.

LOGAN'S VOICE (OVER)

We were wrong, Francis ... death no
answer ... World ... dying ... can't
last ... I saw ... saw the dead
places ... heart of the system
rotten ... there'll be ... more
runners ... more ... you can't stop
them ... we ... must live, not die
... tired of killing ... wrong ...
tired ... tired ...

The water thickens to opaqueness as the GLOWING Gun fades into a wash of black, A ROAR of STATIC. Silence.

CUT TO:

506. BLACK SCREEN

We hear, in the total blackness, the countdown.

AMPLIFIED VOICE

Launch minus 25 ...

The blackness thins, wavers. A figure comes into slow focus.

507. ANGLE FROM BELOW - LOOKING UP AT FRANCIS

We are still Logan and now we look up from the ground at the dark Sandman. The Gun is holstered, the homer unfired. Francis has his goggles up. We see his full face, eyes hard, certain. Now, suddenly, he begins to do something to his face. He pulls at the skin, removes strips, wads of padding inside his mouth, etc. The nose is altered, the jaw, the line of cheekbone.

Francis is the world's oldest man!

LOGAN'S VOICE (OVER)

(shock)

Ballard!

Ballard looks down with a tight smile.

BALLARD

I couldn't tell you back in
Washington. I didn't trust you.
(a beat)

Now I do.

508. TWO SHOT - LOGAN - FRANCIS

We now see that Logan is getting up from the ground. He stands shakily, blinking.

BALLARD

(continuing)

I control parts of the maze, the dark parts. I'm learning more each day. The system is dying, Logan -- I'm widening the cracks in it, doing what I can. There are few I can trust: Whale, Mary-Mary, Lilith ... Someday you and Jess and the others will be able to come back -- to a changed Earth.

509. LOGAN

still not understanding it completely.

LOGAN

And ... Sanctuary?

The countdown voice comes over.

AMPLIFIED VOICE

Launch minus 15

510. BACK TO TWO SHOT - MOVING TOWARD ROCKET

Ballard prods Logan forward.

BALLARD

Argos. The abandoned space station
near Mars. It's a thruway colony
now, they built the ship, and it
comes when I need it.

511. ANGLE ON ROCKET LADDER

as they reach it, and Logan begins to climb up. Jess is
there, tears in her eyes, gentling him aboard.

LOGAN

(softly; a
love word)

Jess ...

AMPLIFIED VOICE

Launch minus 10 ... 9 ... 8 ...
7 ...

The port is closing.

512. ANGLE ON BALLARD

He smiles up at them, then walks rapidly away as the port
seals itself.

AMPLIFIED VOICE

6 ... 5 ... 4 ...

513. FULL SHOT - THE ROCKET

cables falling away.

514. SHOOTING PAST BALLARD'S HEAD AT ROCKET

As Ballard walks in one direction, away from the rocket, the CAMERA PASSES HIM and MOVES IN... in on the immense craft. CLOSER, CLOSER as the countdown continues.

AMPLIFIED VOICE

... 3 ... 2 ... 1 ...
(a beat)

Launch!

The CAMERA moves directly into the ROAR and FLAME of the rocket as it ignites, shudders, fires off. We are in this CONCUSSION of FLAME AND SOUND.

515. EFFECT:

A blazing rush of moving color whipping upward across SCREEN. A dazzle of confettied fire rushing faster as the SOUND of rocket DOPPLERS upward, becoming a CRY, a SCREAM, a SHRIEK, a ROARING WHISTLE that only dogs can hear. Climbing. Climbing, until the SOUND can be felt in the bones more than it can be heard with the ears. The whipping colors shade from orange and yellow and red to blues and greens and midnight violets becoming darker until:

CUT TO:

516. EXT. FULL SHOT - STARRY SKY

The blackness of interstellar space shot through with the whirl and sparkle of distant galaxies. Against this star-field we see the tiny rocket, a drop of mercury with a tail of flame, going away, moving slowly against the vast backdrop.

517. OUT OF BOTTOM OF FRAME we BEGIN DEDICATION CRAWL:

(sharp, clean, readable)

NARRATOR'S VOICE (OVER)

THIS FILM IS DEDICATED

TO FRANKENSTEIN AND MICKEY MOUSE

TO JACK, DOC AND REGGIE AND THE TEMPLE OF THE VAMPIRES

TO FU MANCHU, LONG JOHN SILVER, TOM MIX AND BUCK JONES

(CONTINUED)

517. (CONTINUED)

TO THE ILLIAD AND THE ODYSSEY, SUPERMAN AND THE GREEN
HORNET

TO JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY, AND THE
HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

TO GUNGA DIN, KING KONG AND THE LAND OF OZ

TO MR. HYDE AND THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

TO THE SEA WOLF, CAPTAIN NEMO AND THE GREAT WHITE WHALE.

TO BATMAN AND ROBIN, BLACK COUNTRY, TED STURGEON AND
THE EARS OF JOHNNY BEAR

TO RHETT BUTLER AND JIMINY CRICKET

TO MATTHEW ARNOLD, ROBERT FROST AND THE DEMOLISHED MAN

TO WHAT MAD UNIVERSE

TO DANTE, DR. LAO AND DICK TRACY

TO PUNCH THE IMMORTAL LIAR AND THE GIRLS IN THEIR
SUMMER DRESSES

TO THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

TO MARCO POLO AND THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES

TO BOGIE AND THE MALTESE FALCON

TO FLASH GORDON, PRINCE VALIANT, KRAZY KAT AND THE
DANCE OF THE DEAD

TO THOMAS WOLFE

TO THE UNICORN IN THE GARDEN

TO HAMMETT AND CHANDLER AND YOU PLAY THE BLACK AND THE
RED COMES UP

TO PAPA HEMINGWAY, MICKEY SPILLANE AND POPEYE THE
SAILOR MAN

(CONTINUED)

517. (CONTINUED - 2)

TO FANCIES AND GOODNIGHTS

TO A DIAMOND AS BIG AS THE RITZ AND A BLOOD WEDDING IN
CHICAGO

TO BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

TO THE DAREDEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR, THE DAWN PATROL AND
THE LONG LOUD SILENCE

TO DOUG FAIRBANKS, ERROL FLYNN AND THE KEYSTONE KOPS

TO TARZAN AND THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

TO TOM SWIFT, HUCK FINN AND OLIVER TWIST

TO CITIZEN KANE, SINBAD AND THEY SHOOT HORSES DON'T
THEY?

TO ALI BABA, THE MARX BROTHERS AND DANGEROUS DAN McGREW
TO THE BEANSTALK

TO THE LONE RANGER, LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE AND THE SPACE
MERCHANTS

TO THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL

TO THE HIGHWAYMAN

TO KAZAN, THE TIME MACHINE AND DON'T CRY FOR ME

TO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND LIGHTS OUT

TO SHACKLETON, TERRY AND THE PIRATES, RICHARD THE
LIONHEART AND THE RATS IN THE WALLS

TO THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

TO LIL ABNER, S.J. PERELMAN AND SMOKY STOVER

TO THE SEVEN DWARFS AND MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

TO BILLY THE KID, GERONIMO, STEPHEN VINCENT BENET AND
THE HOUSE OF USHER

(CONTINUED)

517. (CONTINUED - 3)

TO THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES AND THE SHIP OF ISHTAR
TO ROBIN HOOD, SCARFACE AND TOMMY UDO
TO FREDERICK SCHILLER FAUST -- WHO WAS MAX BRAND WHO
WAS EVAN EVANS WHO WAS GEORGE CHALLIS WHO WAS ...

TO ASTOUNDING
AMAZING
FANTASTIC
STARTLING
UNKNOWN
GALAXY
WEIRD TALES
PLANET STORIES
BLACK MASK
AND THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION

TO RHYSLING, BLIND SINGER OF THE SPACEWAYS

AND -- WITH LOVE --
TO THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH

The rocket winks out.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

THE END